

superfluous

N°2



- 2 collection of articles
by different people

- Reactions on n°1
love / sex ...

- + Reminder n°3 (by Wim)

4 Walls falling - Gus (ocean of Mercy) -
tour diary in Spain - Spit boy -



Well, this is n°2, finally. It took me so much longer than I thought. It's the first week in June already, summer vacation is coming ... the best time of the year, well it was last year anyway. So this is the last page, which you're reading first. I enjoyed working on this 'zine, although I was really sorry that Nathalie didn't work on this issue, no inspiration, huh, same thing happened to Jerroen, so he gave me two pages of his words and letters to put in here, but he's working on his next issue already so look out for that one.

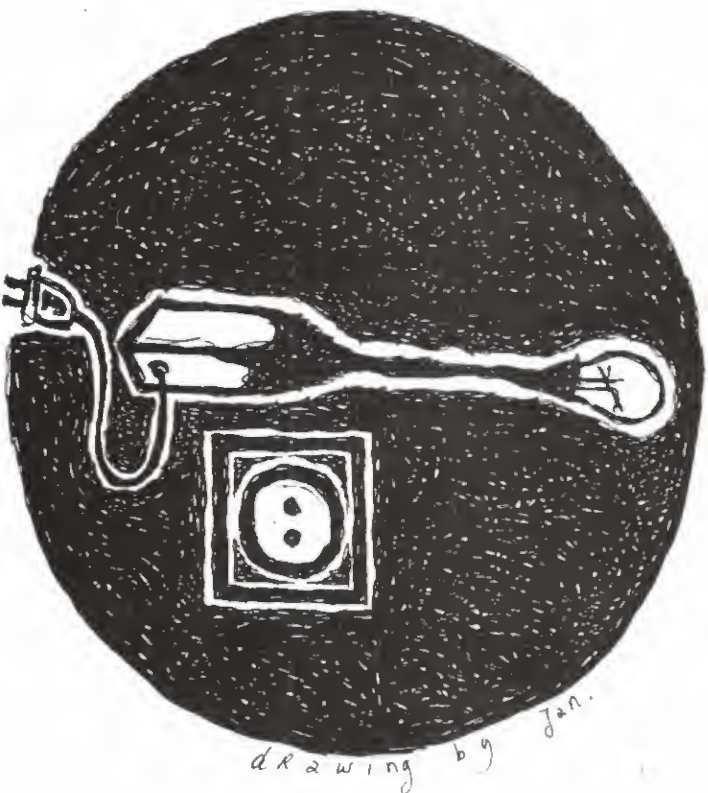
In the middle, there's Reminder n°3, made by Wim, and I hope to do the same thing next time, I love making a 'zine with lots of contributions, I don't really want to fill it with my own writings, it might be a bit confusing to read. Most of the time I mentioned who I got the contribution from, ... the pencil-drawings were sent to me by Maurizio Ricci, yes he's Italian, the pictures are mostly mine, except the ones of Ocean of Mercy they were taken from John Mc Kaig's huge 'zine.

It's weird, but by the time I finished typing everything, my concept of this 'zine had totally changed, it's kinda hard to explain, I thought I had too much material and if I put everything in, it would get too thick, so I tried to keep everything as short as possible, to the point, no additional explanation. I see it differently now, also about interviews, I left out a lot of things because I thought they weren't that important, and it would make the interview too long to read... I guess I was wrong.

Oh, before I forget, the poem, right before the Spitboy-thing is from Kurt.

It's always nice to get reactions, when you do a 'zine, and I got plenty of 'em! I, you write things, put stuff together to put a little booklet, you send out a couple of hundred, and you have no idea what people think about what they read, except when it's about the Congress interview, Roy's utterance stirred things up, so I decided to get back to that, and tell you what happened. I spoke to Roy last weekend, I sent him a copy of

Do you think you love someone? Or do you desire someone?
Is that how you see it? Do you want love in your life at all?
In what way? Are you afraid of love? Why?
Because you think you'll lose your independence? Your Self?
or because of the possible pain a relationship can cause.
Don't you want someone there, someone you love... It's not just one-sided, You get so much back. You could.



the end.

We used to be very close, nowadays it's kinda chilly when we spend time together, but one night we agreed to give one another a massage. First me, then he gave me one. It felt good, to feel hands on my back, pressure on my skin, but his strokes became more compulsive. There was an unpleasant tension in the air, suddenly he pushed me even deeper onto the mattress, and my head into the pillow. I felt his excitement. Not towards me, it didn't have anything to do with tender feelings, this was just sexual excitement. He had an orgasm, I hadn't done anything. It just happened. I didn't feel anything. I felt almost guilty. I didn't want this to happen, did I do something wrong? I couldn't say anything, I just left. I worried about myself, I felt inferior, a failure. I liked him but not in a sexual way. Should I have told him before I talked about a massage? It could've been a nice experience. I remember thinking, the whole time, he wouldn't go as far as... he'd suddenly stop and say he was sorry for getting carried away.

Nothing ever happened between us since, but I still have this weird feeling when he's close to me.

WIMPXEDGE proudly presents:

DANCE
FLOOR
JUSTICE

YOU'LL
FUCKING
GET...



GAS
MASK

what I wrote, hoping to get a reaction from him, now that it has been a while...
He said he'd write back to me, giving me everything in detail, but it's too late for this issue, it might take a couple of weeks, cos he's busy for school, exams and essays and stuff, so it'll be for the next issue, this is becoming a "to be continued"-azine!

Anyway, I've collected some writings about different stuff, mostly out of my diary, and sort of in connection to the subject of Roy, sexuality and love, things I wrote over a period of a little less than a year. I realise it might be a bit confusing, but if you have any questions or reactions please write in there is something I wasn't very clear about, I'll be happy to explain. I know I talk in riddles sometimes.
It would also be cool to hear your point of view on some things.

Thanks to all my sweeties (you know who you are) who inspired me to finish n°2, and everyone who helped distributing n°1; and who will distribute this one.
Anyone who has something for n°3, let me know.

Sorry for the Fabric-overload, but I had all these pictures and they are one of the most inspiring bands, to me anyway, you never know with good bands, they always split up before you know about them, so I might as well plug 'em as much as possible.

They are one of the bands playing on the week-end of the 20th and 21st august, it's a three-day festival, with Blindfold, Iconoclast and lots and lots more, so come over to Belgium: The Vort'n Vis in leper.

Well, I can't think of that much more I want to say, I'll start on Superfluous n°3, tomorrow, so I hope that'll be finished a lot sooner than this one.

HAZEL LEPEERS
DRONCKAERTSTRAAT 206
8930 LAUWE - BELGIUM

UNITED DAMES OF AMERICA

There are not leaves enough to cover the face it wears. This is the way the orator spoke:
"The mass is nothing. The number of men in a mass of men is nothing. The mass is no greater than

the singular of the mass. Masses produce each one its paradigm." There are not leaves enough to hide away the face of the man of this dead mass and that. The wind might fill

with faces as with leaves, be gusty with mouths, and with mouths crying and crying day by day. Could all these be ourselves, sounding ourselves, our faces circling round a central face

and then nowhere again, away and away? Yet one face keeps returning (never the one), the face of the man of the mass, never the face that hermit on reef sable would have seen,

never the naked politician taught by the wise. There are not leaves enough to crown, to cover, to crown, to cover-let it go-the actor that will at least declaim our end.

Wallace Stevens

Someone's fav. poem
sent to me by
a friend.

It's all about having a heart:
"I pardon you!"
"I'm with your favourite slogan!"




O, I don't know but, exist, be beautiful say: look, a bird. and teach me to see that bird. say: life is like bread, to bite in and the apples look red with pleasure. and more, and more, say something teach me to cry, and when I cry, teach me to say: it's nothing.

poem sent in by a friend.

If I'd say I was going to leave, what would you say, except for irrelevant things. It was good having you around? It was good to see you? When? you weren't really there. I hope you enjoyed being here? Sure, you wish me that, but you could have been a part of that. What will become of nothing? nothing. There were bells on a hill but I never heard them ringin' there was love, all around but I never heard it singin'...sad.
(written at someone's house)



I must be in love, because when I am, I have the most extravagant and wonderful daydreams, I live on love and love isn't always within reach not always close, so, I daydream. It feels good, secret and intimate. The best daydreams, secret sensations are on trains, when you see things pass you by with great speed, while you don't have to do a thing to get to your destination, or when you're sitting somewhere, while having a drink, tea or coffee are the best! It all happens in the deepest silence, intense images going through your mind, things that happened, that you would like to happen. Thoughts, strong and free. If only things were really as they are in my "feminist" daydreams things would look a lot sunnier.



When I'm dying for affection and I close my eyes, I can imagine him being there. Him, because he is the one that's most real (in my memory), the one that hasn't changed, not yet anyway. I have no problem imagining him being really real. I can feel his skin, touch his face and hair. Only, I can't smell him, a familiar and soothing smell, that relaxes and excites. I don't think of sex, I think of soft skin, and how it feels to hug him, to bury my head in his arms, while letting it rest on his chest or shoulder. Affection, a hand going through my hair, saying "sssh".

GARDEN DIP & SEASONING

I love them, I love them all.

I think I always will... love...

if only it was to stress eternity,

within the waves of depth, it just goes on.

The eyes, I could weep to, and sigh,

touching what cuts my fingertips, pale,

and forever, a year, a month....?

Sleeping tigers, are still scary.

I wonder if it'll incarnate?

(from diary)

People are so self-absorbed, you can't even imagine. When a friend of mine asks how I am, and I think she actually cares, because you've been through some things together and you've been there for her, you helped her through difficult situations, and you say you feel depressed, and you're really not feeling too good, and she can't deal with that, that particular moment, and she walks out on you, not saying anything, I can tell you, that hurts.

I think no-one (or hardly anyone) ever listens to what other people are saying, or are they just pretending?

-we leave home : 25 december.
-26 december : Barcelona
-27 december : Zaragoza in Madrid.
-28 december : arrive
-29 december : Madrid.
-30 december : Vigo.
-31 december : back to Madrid.
-home.

a spanish adventure... with:
shortsight

DOMINGO 26 DICIEMBRE a las 21 Horas

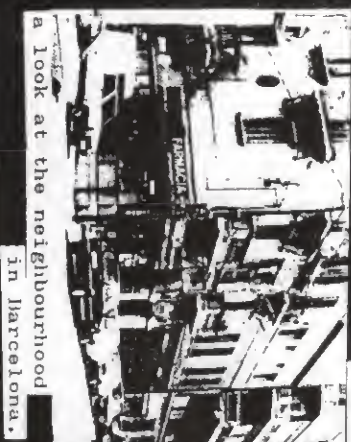
SHORT SIGHT

+ CARRY OUT

CASA OCUPADA DE LA CALLE MURTRA
C/MURTRA 136
Metro: HORTA
Autobuses: 28, 25, 24
HAABRA COMIDA VEGETARIANA



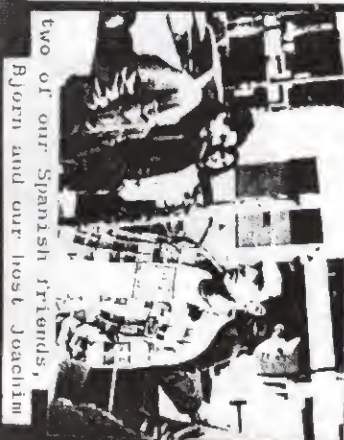
ple, an electricity brake down (didn't look very safe), some drumpart wasn't working, but we fixed it and all the rest went fine too, 75 people came, so we got the money we needed. Carry Out played first, Giuseppe singing, they even started off with a song off of our demo. They sounded like Nations on Fire and once in a while a bit Slapshot, music-wise. They needed a bit more confidence and should relax more on stage, just do their thing. Then they also did "new hope" of NoF, and let Saskia and me sing. I thought it was pretty funny. We played a good show, loose and relaxed, not without mistakes, but we enjoyed ourselves. We sold a lot of records we were carrying from distributions.



The most stressing thing was just that people smoked constantly, breathing normally was not the case. Kurt saw people sniffing something, drugs were all around, not exactly our thing. It's even beyond me why people take drugs for a one-hour punk show, just for recreation? Maybe because the usual punk shows are very boring because there's nothing to get

excited about. You might wonder why they even bother.

If a hand like Girls Against Boys can play Spain, there must be better places to put on shows than this place. There's just no communication, no interest in other things than peoples own narrow-minded interestfield, and here in Spain people seem even more lame. But that might just seem to be the



Two of our Spanish friends, Bjorn and our host Joachim

educate him... I will tell you my personal experiences. I was 20 years old when I came out as gay, I knew I was gay for about 3-4 years, for me it was a normal thing to feel attracted to boys and fall in love with them, this was not a choice, like it is not a choice for most of you to be hetero, it just happened. For 4 years I lived a double life, I had girlfriends because I was too afraid if someone would find out, I was so afraid because I was too afraid if someone anyone I could relate to and I heard many rude jokes, and read many lines like in Superfluous that being gay is unnatural. For me it's natural! Then, I felt in love, I mean love! I couldn't hide it, I had to speak about it with the boy I so much admired, that's when I first

came out, then I started to talk about it with my best friends and they supported me in this difficult period. When I told my mom, she also thought it wasn't natural, a psychologist, like I was sick. Now she knows more about it and totally accepts it, that's why you shouldn't say anything about something you don't know



much about. So, Roy if your homophobic attitude comes from the bible or Krsna consciousness, you can stuff your religion and fuck off. If you feel like something, I wrote makes sense, then I'm happy. If there are gays out there reading this, whether you came out or not, feel free to contact me and don't let those morality-crusaders grind you down, Jesus (bonds of friendship), HERTSDEINSTRAAT 39, 2018 ANTWERPEN

The word is still: NATURAL, isn't it? I believe the word natural is just a wrongly chosen word, for who knows what natural is exactly, what do we know about natural? us humans, far away from any natural thing. So, you might say animals having sex is very natural, that's the way nature works, sometimes it's a matter of life or death, the

struggle is a guaranty of life for them. So humans are more in control, humans can make choices. The unique human aspect is that they can feel lust, controlled and in a free way. (although talking about being affectionate I'm sure animals can be very much in love and excited without becoming pregnant. Imagine animals putting on little condoms (or bite ones...) of course humans also have sex in the animal world but sex between two people can be so much more than just lust, the need for an orgasm. I was so happy and touched when I read this particular text in Kill the Robot (see next page) because it was real, and that was exactly what I wanted someone to say after this part: not being natural thing, as if it's all about orgasms to make babies, or even orgasms in the first place. It's very human to express your feelings, your deep love, your respect even in a physical way, to cross the other, to be sweet to someone you care about. We are all human beings, so why couldn't we love each other and express your YOU KNOW, SAYING IT'S NOT NATURAL... I THINK YOU'RE NOT NATURAL!

sure a lot of vegans (and others) couldn't understand Brob working there, but we didn't say he didn't belong in the HScene, or throw him out. I'm sure a lot of people thought he wasn't doing the right thing. So, yes there are things you can't condone in this little HC community, but who decides on the limits and... In the end, how many people would be left of the small group we already are, then...this whole world is bad? but didn't we already know that?



No, I'm glad Brob sticks around, that's exactly what you need to do, stick around, criticize, stir things up, confront, think!! work those brains, or was it just dance-music?

And then there is Joris' letter, I've known him for several years, and I wrote back to him, but I didn't hear from him since. I'm also going to take some extracts....



"I was really surprised by seeing a quote from Roy about homosexuality. He says homosex. is unnatural, this offends me, as a gay! If he refers to homosexuality as only a sexual act and not an affectionate way between 2 persons of the same sex, it means he doesn't know much about it, but still he speaks out against it, which means he's a homophobe. He seems to be afraid of something he doesn't know. He further states that intimate relations are meant to produce children. Does he come from another planet?? If I make love with a boy this means I'm in love with this person. Is love unnatural? I ask myself what his views are concerning hetero sex, if het. sex is only meant to procreate, then this means he will only have sex when he wants the woman he makes love with to get a child. This also means that the only way of making love would be with vaginal intercourse, and what about preservatives? should they be banned (like the pope wants) because they are used for having sex without getting pregnant? and thus neglecting the danger of aids infection. It seems to me Roy doesn't know much about it, so maybe it's time to



case because people don't know how to do good promotion and these are the only people we had the chance to meet. We carried the equipment down the hill again, went home to where we could finally ... lay down and sleep, after carrying the stuff up to the apartment... we sure carried a lot of stuff today. How happy were we to sleep on a comfy mattress ?!!

Shower in the morning, muesli and coffee, ready to do some sight-seeing. We only had time to go visit the Sagrada Familia, built by the famous Gaudi. One of the buildings you'd want to see when you go to Spain. That's probably one of the few reasons why I'd like to go back to Spain, to see some architecture, but first I'd have to learn basic spanish 'cos these people really don't understand nor speak one other word.

We had a look at some stalls with tourist goodies and went to buy groceries to survive the journey to Zaragoza.

A long drive to Zaragoza, hardly any stops. We stopped once for a coffee, we got a tiny little glass with, luckily, very good coffee, but that was it. David called his parents to tell them what we'd been up to and how nice the spanish sun was.

Zaragoza looked like Salzburg to Frankfurt in comparison to Barcelona: richer, better taken care of, because there's more money. Kurt went to a hotel to get directions. We were playing at a metal pub, they even knew the place I probably because it's in a well known area with lots of bars with a bad reputation.

Well, we made it, and the last bit of enthusiasm disappeared, it seemed like no-one was going to show up, the people who had "organised" the show didn't speak...guess what...

So, there we were in a pub with no people, no food, no microphone, no vocal amp and no p.a. We put everything on stage and were waiting around for some guys who were going to get us what we needed. Most of us are totally pissed, very irritated about everything, we're even giving each other shit for nothing at all. I had the feeling we'd lost it, the thing that keeps a band together, the feeling of being one. And it wasn't just about looking out for yourself instead of the whole band, it was also the humour, the fun. It was gone. The only thing I was looking forward to was playing, giving it our best shot, and seeing if these metals could dig it.



This girl came up to me, asked if I was Saskia, she had this envelope for Shortright, from... Wimi (mindfold) it was the second one already (the first one I didn't see), wishing us good luck, a heartwarming surprise! The girl, Marga seemed really nice, we started talking, her english was pretty good. Marga's a friend of Wim and hadn't even known we were playing if Wim hadn't written her, she brought a friend: Fausto (yes, the Verdi opera character) Unfortunately we couldn't stay at their house, that would've been the coolest thing...

It took a while to get the sound right, we started off full of energy.... David breaks a string... The pub wasn't very big, in the sense of width, it was very long in length though, but that made that the few people who came to see us (40?) filled up the front. We did a couple more songs, Bjorn's bassdrum pedal gave up... a long break, we hit it again, a bit hesitant but we succeeded to make it energetic and we were satisfied.

A man looking like a sailor-metal (short hair, little bonnet on his head and very big chest) came up to me, threatening "play more!" No-one else was asking for more, he probably came in after the bassdrum break. "Well, me and some more people are not satisfied." He looked very angry. We mentioned all the excuses we could find instead of him be, he probably thought we had an attitude.

After loading the van we found a pizza place around the corner, Marga went over to the cash-desk, and told them we were very poor and that we were desperate for food, they thought it was pretty funny, so they gave us three pizza's and another three for free plus free water. We stuffed ourselves, still there were two whole pizza's left. Other days we didn't eat this much, we might look like starved children when we get back.

I caught David coming out of the P's toilet, putting lipbalm on, how feminin did he look! I told him how suspicious he looked and we hurried out of the P's toilet, laughing. Two people who just entered, gave us very puzzled looks, who was looking suspicious now?

The place we stayed at looked like a decent apartment that had been inhabited by gross punks for years, none of us definately felt like touching anything. The only thing that looked nice was the pink toiletpaper. A guy came out of his room to go to the toilet, our mouths fell open, the smell that came out of that room is unbelievable.

the existence of the VV. The VV can no longer claim that they are promoting an alternative way of thinking."

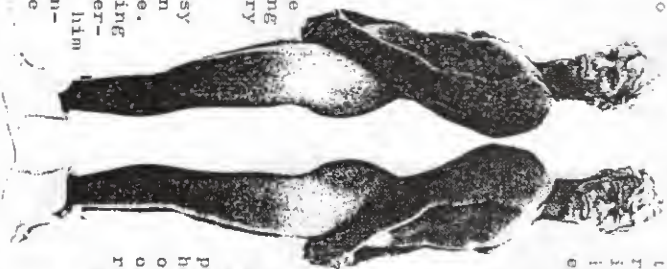
However, I do not withdraw (from the VV) ... can continue to criticize and to try and steer things in the right direction."

Reactions? Write to me: Brob /Tennistansstraat 85 /9000 Gent /Belgium

Well, if you send someone like Roy out of the scene, where do you think he'll go? I mean I totally agree with violent people not being allowed to stay at a show, or when someone is being really disrespectful, that you ask that person to leave, especially in cases of physical harassment, that's not acceptable. But when someone has ideas you really don't agree on, can you stop him from being into the same things that you are into? In this case a lot of people said, it was important that Roy got to say on stage, before playing the show, and the people who didn't agree could go outside, and come back when Congress was done.

It also meant, that the person who arranged for Congress to play, didn't think it was this big of a deal, but I doubt if they'd ever played another VVshow after this one. (I mean asked for a show)

The issue is of course, that Brob wanted R. to change his mind, how do you think you'll achieve this? by repeating arguments that obviously have no effect? by intimidating maybe (just as parents try to make their kids obey, by shouting, trying to scare them), it's not easy especially if this person is as stubborn as you are. No, I think the first thing you do is you tell the person you don't agree with him/her. You make sure he understands you don't agree in the slightest. You can try make him change his mind (you can try analyse why he thinks I just don't think you can change someone's mind as easily as by preaching to him/her, if someone isn't open to it or ready for it, there's no way you'll be able to get through to him. Only when a person is really open to what you're saying, there's a chance they'll start rethinking their logic (I started thinking about this because of the movie Schindler's List, it's such a good movie because it'll make people see how BAD all fascists are, and they'll wake up and do something about racism " etc, etc. I don't believe this movie will change anything. The people who care about the subject obviously already think the "right" way, but do you think neo-nazis will suddenly sob over this story and see the light? It takes a lot more, maybe it takes experience, but it can't be this simple, if you know what I mean) and I think in this case turning away from him doesn't do any good. By the way, no-one even knew he felt this way about homo's, except from his close friends maybe, then how many things are there we don't know from the people we hang out with at shows? Brob used to work in this laboratory, who did tests on animals, I'm



I've been thinking a lot about "changing people" that's what it's all about to a lot of people, isn't it?

changing this world?

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there's no way you'll be able to get through to him. Only when a person is really open to what you're saying, there's a chance they'll start rethinking their logic (I started thinking about this because of the movie Schindler's List, it's such a good movie because it'll make people see how BAD all fascists are, and they'll wake up and do something about racism " etc, etc. I don't believe this movie will change anything. The people who care about the subject obviously already think the "right" way, but do you think neo-nazis will suddenly sob over this story and see the light? It takes a lot more, maybe it takes experience, but it can't be this simple, if you know what I mean) and I think in this case turning away from him doesn't do any good. By the way, no-one even knew he felt this way about homo's, except from his close friends maybe, then how many things are there we don't know from the people we hang out with at shows?

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We had a comfy bed though, except for Kurt who stayed in the van for security reasons. I woke up at around 11.45 am with a cold, running nose, itching throat. We all agreed that morning, this isn't about music anymore this isn't about playing, touring, this is survival! We don't get breakfast and nothing in the kitchen looks inviting/attractive enough to eat, or say even touch, (not even for tea or coffee). So, we left the house, ate cold pizza that was left from the night before... and left Zaragoza, 6 hours ahead for Madrid.

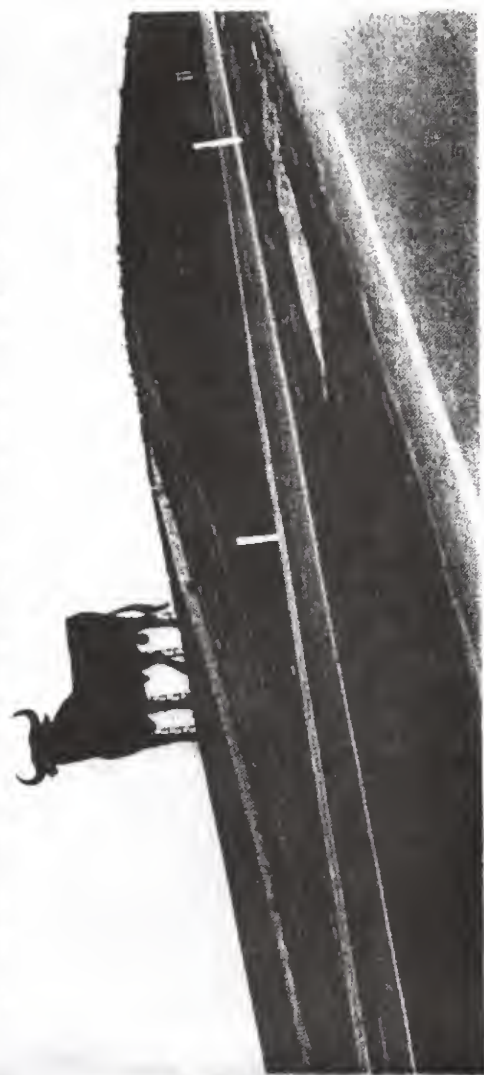
I think Spain must look a lot like Mexico or something South-American, there's like nothing for miles, just dry landscapes, with trees, vines, deserted houses, (the only thing that reminds you of civilisation are the telephone wires and electricity poles...) And then suddenly you're in a big town with little unidentifiable shops, with just not the things you need. And along a journey from one town to another, you pass a lonely gas-station or hotel in the middle of nowhere. I imagine parts of America being like that.

The landscape is very rad, it goes from fields and vineyards into rocky hills, white hills with little green spots, to corroding hills looking like aztec-ish temples, then, we see mountains in the distance with tops covered with snow, and right now the sand and rocks are orange, orange with little green bushes. Sometimes we pass a big signboard saying ~~X~~ and ~~W~~ and when you look at the place, 4 by 10 it looks more like a big toilet stop.

Finally, we stopped at a restaurant, where you can choose between a fancy pink table-cloth, crystal glasses restaurant, or a cold-looking self-service place, where the only eatable things are crisps (or prepared sausages and other weird looking stuff in sauce) and cakes with icing... so, we have another small coffee.

As I went to the toilet, I saw David coming out of the ♀'s toilet again. He must be some sort of closet-gay or something or he hasn't figured out what he wants to be I'm kidding, but still, he can be very feminine...

We drove straight to Madrid, parked the van somewhere, called the responsible person of today: Carlos. We had to wait half an hour he said, and so we waited and waited until the spanish police came screaming at us. A couple of us stayed while we went to find a new parking space. Carlos showed up. He seemed like a very nice boy. While we drove to the squat, he told us he got a letter from Bruno,



8th of Jan, '94.... There's a show at the Vort'n Vis, Congress is on the bill, Hopeman Path goes on, Dirk the singer wants to know what the hell is going on with Roy being homophobic, Roy gets on stage says he meant that sex in a way isn't natural when you don't want to procreate he didn't mean homos in particular but all sex, sex as a way to express feelings, love or just sex to have sex is all natural. He said he was open to discussion, after the gig, it was a personal thing, and didn't have to do with Congress.

I guess no-one thinks the same way Roy does, not that I heard anyway. Prob wanted the Congress show boycotted, he said it was dealt with too lightly, just because it's someone we know, someone who we liked before the interview... too little confrontation. And so, Prob started shouting at it. kept repeating what he thought, shouting R.'s head off saying he was wrong and Congress couldn't play. B. is like a bull-dozer sometimes, his truth is the only right one and he thinks because he says the magic words, someone will change his mind instantly. I didn't have the impression he was even listening to Roy's side of the situation, he didn't really communicate, I think somehow you have to try to think in Roy's place to see why he says these things and if he's not just repeating words he read or heard somewhere.

Maybe Roy doesn't have much experience in relationships or sex, how can you live by someone else's words if you haven't experienced things yourself? Maybe not many people have confronted him with his ideas and he hasn't really had to think about it, about maybe being wrong, or listen to other peoples experiences. Dirk closed the discussion with the right of freedom of speech, "people, talk to him after the show,"

explains on stage why his -former?- point of view is to be condemned. "I was informed he took his words back and they would play". The day of the concert, the singer came up to me and said he was very much annoyed by the fact that I "forced" him to change his opinion, I certainly didn't do that, I want him to see by himself what's wrong about it or otherwise face the consequences. All of us had the opinion that people with homophobic ideas like these doesn't belong in the "alternative island" of the VV. I asked him what arguments he has, he answered that he'd read a lot of "philosophical" and "religious" books about the matter! "practically all acquaintances of the C-singer thought that what he says is far from homophobic (they did forget that one of the Superfluous editors received a letter from a homosexual that felt attacked by what he said)". "Some people said this is not considered homophobic because "he doesn't harass or beat up guys"?" "This story once again, proves the lack of unanimity and the inconsistency within the group of VVcoop, which in the end will lead to the termination of





our cook and friend
in Madrid.

asking to organise some shoes for Shurtstiff, he had 14 days to get everything organised, which wasn't much. Also, Carlos tried to call Bruno he couldn't get through, so he called Bruno's parents and the only thing they said was that Bruno wasn't home, so there wasn't a real confirmation. We got even more worried than we already were, but now at least we had someone to blame, since we were feeling a bit miserable, (although, when we got home, we had to conclude Bruno wasn't the only one to blame)

No show in Burgos that night (cancelled). We had to get money through, somehow. The sales of Bruno's records was the first thing we thought of.

We checked out the squat first. It looked o.k. but we'd have to play in a shed outside of the squat on the 1st fl... I bet it'll be cold.

We left the van in a safe place and went to this night's 'hotel', it wasn't far, but we stumbled

and hobbled with our bags, as if we'd been walking a crusade for days.

Carlos' place was just big enough for all eight of us to sit. He made some phonocalls. We could do a concert the day after tomorrow, in Vigo, totally on the other side of Spain, near the Portuguese border. We wouldn't benefit and we wouldn't lose money (we hoped), but he said it was a nice place

It was eight in the evening, he wondered if we wanted to eat... we'd only

eaten pizza for breakfast, so ... Carlos and his girlfriend made food, delicious, we were totally happy.

We put all the mattresses we could find on the floor, threw the furniture out, ready for a small celebration. The gifts we were supposed to buy before departure, on a pile in the middle and we had a relaxing good old time, opening presents and goofing around.

Unfortunately I couldn't get to sleep, I had the beginning of a terrible cold, I couldn't sleep at all and everything hurt.

I was worth nothing in the morning, couldn't find the energy to get up

and do something. The ones that were ready, clean and dressed went out to get breakfast. We all ate until we fell over, and drank coffee out of an old plastic box that looked like a little bucket. Now I felt like there was a rock in my stomach, and while I was writing in my diary the others played cards.

We waited around for Carlos, who had worked a nightshift, to go out to see a little bit of the city.

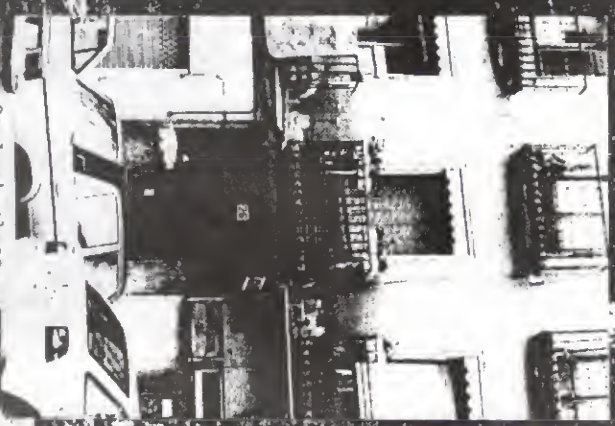
But when he came in him and his friends decided to make lunch

first (3am) in the meantime some of us went for a walk. Saskia came running back, there was a dog on the stairs barking in an evil way.

Carlos told her the people downstairs give the dog 1sd and other drugs, so he totally freaks out.

No wonder.

I fell asleep... Finally we made it outside all together. We didn't get to see much, 'cos Carlos was going back



Carlos' place.

In Superfluous no1, Nathalie did an interview with Congress, since then some things happened, Roy, who sings for the band, was confronted with his utterance about homosexuality (he said homosexuals are unnatural, because he believes all intimate relationships are meant to produce children and men can't have babies, so it's useless) I don't know exactly what happened, but I think the other members of Congress weren't really happy with his ideas, but on the other hand I don't think Roy felt like continuing his involvement in the Vort'n Vis scene, anyway he's not singing for Congress anymore.

I got letters from several people about this, Prob (involved in the Vort'n V.) made a flyer, and there have been a lot of discussions, which I think is a good thing. The problem is, in this case it's not as simple as that Roy is homophobic, 'cos, that's what he told me, he has nothing against homos, he thinks all sex without the purpose of procreation is unnatural, so,

if I take him on his word he has been misunderstood...



stamps on it 'till its in pieces....

You reach forward, I want to close my eyes, don't want to see how your shoe crushes the innocent... you pick up a paper, shove the spider on it, and you open the window and put it outside, saved! and I'm relieved.

The map illustrates the Iberian Peninsula with the following details:

- Spain:** Labeled 'SPANIEN' at the top. Major cities include Madrid (marked with a sun symbol), Barcelona, Valencia, Alicante, Murcia, Cartagena, Seville, Granada, Málaga, Almería, Jerez de la Frontera, Cádiz, and Huelva.
- Portugal:** Labeled 'PORTUGAL' at the bottom. Major cities include Lisbon, Porto, Coimbra, and Évora.
- Andorra:** Labeled 'ANDORRA' in the northwestern corner.
- Islands:** The Balearic Islands (Mallorca, Menorca, Ibiza) are shown in the Mediterranean Sea. The Canary Islands (Las Palmas, Santa Cruz de Tenerife) are shown in the Atlantic Ocean.
- Rivers:** The Duero, Tago, Guadalquivir, and Guadiana are depicted.
- Coastal Features:** The Atlantic Ocean is labeled 'ATLANTISCHE OCEAN' and the Mediterranean Sea is labeled 'MIDDELANDSE ZEE'.
- Other Labels:** 'Gibraltar' is labeled at the southern tip of the peninsula, and 'Algerien' is labeled on the coast of North Africa.

Everything's on video again, third show already. These people probably make a special videonight of all the bands that come to play, 'cos not many make it out to Spain, I can believe why now. (momentary sarcasm) The show went well, I couldn't get a 100% into it it all seemed very unreal and dreamy. It was hard to relate to the people there.

A remark we've had every show is that we don't play long enough (we could change our name to Short set) but besides that everyone was into it. Carlos said most people came out of curiosity, to see a straight edge band, as if we're some kind of freaks. He also warned us for the show on the 31st, there is going to be a lot of people, most'll get drunk (no wonder when you get free beer all night) and obnoxious even violent, so much for a debate on violent dancing, 'cos that's gonna be new year's dance. Great prospect, but at that time, we didn't care much, first we'd go to Vigo, and play a super good show in a dancing ?!



After loading the equipment, we split up in two to do interviews. Bjorn, David and me went with two young kids, who hardly spoke english, it probably took them a long time to make the questions, only they couldn't get any deeper into the subjects. They taped our answers, that'll give them some time to figure it all out... So we finished pretty quickly and went downstairs to join the others, they had the best questions I Juan (interviewer) spoke english, and it was actually quite inspiring. It's people like him who make you feel like it's worth it, like you're not just doing it for a bunch of morons or careless punks who aren't interested in talking to anyone, they just come to see you as if you're animals in a zoo.

By the time we finished it was 12:30, time to go eat, we hadn't eaten since breakfast... it tasted real good! but I wasn't that hungry anymore. Saskia felt sick, she fell asleep of the pile of mattresses.



I didn't feel too good either and by the time the mattresses were on the floor and everyone had a place to drop dead/fall asleep on, I started feeling really sick, afraid to go to sleep in case I had to throw up. After some time I did fall asleep, but I woke up several times, someone was shouting in his sleep and then I heard the cat whine, she went on and on, but I didn't know what she wanted, then I heard someone say: "kaka", I wondered what the hell was going on, Kurt got up and lit the light ?! He said he smelled cat-poo, but he couldn't find where it was coming from. Asleep again, 'till Kurt got up and said it was 8 o'clock, it wasn't though, his watch wasn't working right. Second try, Kurt gets up, it's 8, he washed, next one... but everyone was still

but now they're also making milking-cows out of men, except for all kinds of products against hair loss, and shaving products and accessories... If you're too thin not muscular enough you're a whimp and if you're too fat... You know women only want big tough macho guys! (?!)



Why I'm writing this? I know the problem myself, I feel inferior because of the way I look.

I'm small and skinny, have a small bosom and my skin is really pale. I look kinda child-like, although I'm 21. I don't want to feel this way, because I know it's a trick in this fucked up society, that is only out for your money, my money. I really envy those perfect models; luckily I have good friends, who think I'm worth knowing, who think I am beautiful and sweet (she is a sweetie, ..most of the time Hazel) who care to cheer me up and tell me they care. Because of those friends I can arm myself against that fucking dated discriminating practise.

There are men and women who whistle after people, but in fact they aren't to blame, they're caught up in the trick of this system, the only thing is, some people realise that and some don't. In the HC scene a lot of people understand this reasonably but in the end it's society that has to change and Kapitalism.

And where does this idea come from that only women can wear make-up, I mean it's meant to make you more, beautiful (...??) All these Kapitalist companies teaching/ telling us we have to put on three layers of it, makes us more attractive to the other sex... (besides its oppressive character...)

(what I want to know is, how does it feel to kiss make-up? to taste it, smell it, is it any better than a clean fresh skin? attractive? until you looked closer/ tried to kiss her. Hazel)

Just now I was reading an article on new models, some are small, skinny, pale, some have tattoos and they don't look like the supermodel of before. Kristen Mc Nemamy: "up until now fashion industry and media dictated the way you had to look, now I'm part of the new beauty-concept, because I am who I am and people can see in me, that everyone can be beautiful in their own way. Forget face-lifts and nose-jobs, be happy the way you are!"

I really hope that one day the way you look will not be this important anymore, the interior is so important, there's so many beautiful people out there, who don't look perfect, but in fact they are!

Thanks to Marco and feeding the fire, all my friends and even if they do joke once in a while, I know they are there for me.

SASKIA.



What is beauty? who decides nowadays what the norm beauty is and how much do we let ourselves be influenced by the outer world concerning our appearance! Let me say it this way, society has everything directly or indirectly in hands.

According to the norms a woman /girl has to look like this: long slim legs, big bosom, nice behind, perfect skin, etc....

And if we don't look like that, the many perfect women we see in advertising will raise our envy and soon we will be spending many thousands of franks (belgian of course) on pots, ointments, creams, beauty farms, all kinds of devices, even doctors! And all the capitalist companies make loads of money. They already get money from sponsors etc... and by creating an ideal image,

women start feeling inferior. So much money goes to cosmetics, special products for, for example hair treatment (hair dye, yes, to someone with grey hair is really old and someone with brown hair is not attractive right now, and remember: blonds have more fun). And then there's plastic surgery, breast enlargement (you're not very feminine with little) fat removal (sucking it out of your body, sounds good?), facelifts, removal of freckles....

If there's one kilo too much, we're in panic, but who ever invented being chubby was a bad thing (or ugly). Being too fat isn't good for your health but that has nothing to do with beauty. But, if you feel good in your body, then why the hell look at those so called perfect models?

Those beauty parlors, there to "help" you, they make enough money on you, manicure, pedicure remove hair (face, legs...) as if you can't do that yourself, Those people make money on the beauty-complexes of people! and believe me everyone is influenced by something, everyone has a weak spot.

Those Cindy Crawford's, who have to weigh their food the whole day, what they can or can't eat, and miss Crawford's body is exploited. Pure sexism, even if she did decide for herself. If she gains 5 kilos she's out! So, her body is worth all this money, some of those girls even get sponsored by big multi national like coca-cola (Claudia Schiffer).

so sleepy, Kurt turned the light on and there it was : cat-poo on Sylvie and Chat'n's sleepingbag ! the smell!! The two most tolerant people were really pissed this time, on the edge of losing it. It makes you feel kind of small. Kurt went out alone, to get bread and things, we hurried to get ready, so we could leave for Vigo, and eat in the van.... it was like 10:30 when we left, and it was around 10 when we arrived at the disco.

I slept most of the first half of the trip the second half was filled with eating leftovers, playing cards until it was too dark to see anything, complaining about farts and more decadence. The more time we

spend in the van the worse the situation looks, the more gross and rude the remarks and jokes become.

And everyday there's a different person who gets on your nerves in particular, up to now, it's been Saskia or David or Bjorn, yesterday it was Kurt, 'cos he was losing his courage. He was at the end of his energy, couldn't take anymore. He's always the one who organises, does the shitty jobs, 'cos everyone is too lazy or chicken to do it. Kurt giving up doesn't seem right.

- We've been discussing what we're gonna do to Bruno, who misorganised the tour and I must say it doesn't look good... We're also wondering what the others are doing, Spirit of Y. in Germany, and Wim with Nations.

When we finally arrived at the dancing, 2 hours late, we saw 6 people inside. Big disillusion. The host spoke like 10 words of english. It wasn't easy to get informed about the situation.

He said he was going to prepare food, and stood around talking to us and his very nosy friends

for more than half an hour, finally he, Chat'n and Sylvie left to get the food. We set up, Kurt was asleep in the van, doatired, broken,... At first I didn't mind playing, as long as we got a nice bed and a possibility to shower, but Bjorn and David were kind of apathetically playing whatever came to mind, it was getting on my nerves. For the hundredth and second time I felt like the 5th wheel on the wagon, the feeling that there's no such thing as a band, it's individuals doing their thing. The worst thing to do in this case is compare to other bands, but I did and I felt there was no bond, it seemed like one person always had a veto on everything and everyone swallowed. Some of us had already thought or said the words, that they're not sure about the future, about having the pleasure to continue to play in Shortstight, which happens in many bands that tour (survival!).



Vigo

We woke up Kurt and started to play, 30 people, punk-rockers, horsey riding around the dance floor, making cowboy-moves and sounds, very entertaining! Not. We got it over with, they liked it, wanted more, we said we were sick (and tired of shit) and Sylvie and Chat'n told us we had to sleep in a squat, that smelled of humidity... no shower... that was the straw, we were about to explode, when Sylvie told us we might have a hotelroom, with shower/bath. A friend of a friend's parents owned a little hotel, and he'd sneak us in. But first: FOOD! Yes! Hot food, good music, drinks, refreshing. Good news, we'd be sleeping in two hotelrooms. How happy were we? And how good did we sleep? Nothing more, only...zzzzz...

Heavy duty, waking up in the morning, especially, when we forgot to put the plug in for hot water, so we had a cold shower, poor us. Then again on our way to Madrid, 11:30, a whole day ahead in a smelly van. It was raining hard, first bad weather day, our break-

Fast ritual: jam and bananas on bread. - and to give you an idea of the music in the van, these things come to mind: Stone Temple Pilots, Ashes, Iceburn, Shelter, Splitlip, Worlds-collide, Life of Agony, Pearl Jam, Annihilator, White Zombie....

9:15 pm we arrive in Madrid. Carlos was waiting for us at Place d'España. We went to his house to take all the equipment out of the van, today was the last day of '93! We ate our new-years dinner, some of us went to the squat, to check out what we needed to play that night, and to talk to the P.A.man. The food was so good! Salade with pomegranate! Yum, nuts, seaweed, raisins, an ovenish with potatoes and tomatoes, and a rice dish with lots of vegetables and tempeh. I should get the recipe for

the dressing, that was heaven!

11:45 we went to this big square nearby, where all the people gathered to yell happy newyear. Walking up there we past an old Visigoth church, Carlos who knows a lot about the city, the history and the spanish history in general, is the perfect guide. Too bad he couldn't show us around, I'm sure it would've been very interesting. - Carlos confessed that Rise Above was one of his favourite 7"s, he even said he'd fallen in love with the girl on the picture on the back. me, the only straight edge! he knew back then. No offense to Carlos, but I suddenly



FABRIC



HANS



---me : And now some silly questions. There's this game called "scruples" You ask a question to someone, and try to guess what he'll say.

Just some funny questions to complete an interview and keep it short (for once)

---After dumping you, your lover becomes famous, a magazine offers you a lot of money for your tasteful nude pictures of your exlover, do you sell?

G : How much money? Just kidding, probably not, my track record is that I'm still friendly with my xgirlfriends.

---You are trying to reserve the seat next to you on the train hoping the attractive person you see queuing will ask for it. An old lady asks first, do you tell her it is taken?

G : Even if a "pretty girl" sat next to me I don't know if I'd talk to her, she might think I was a pervert or a dork. Besides, a seat? in NY?

---In order to marry someone you love, you must change your religion, do you do it?
G : If you love someone, how would it make a difference in how you perceive God?

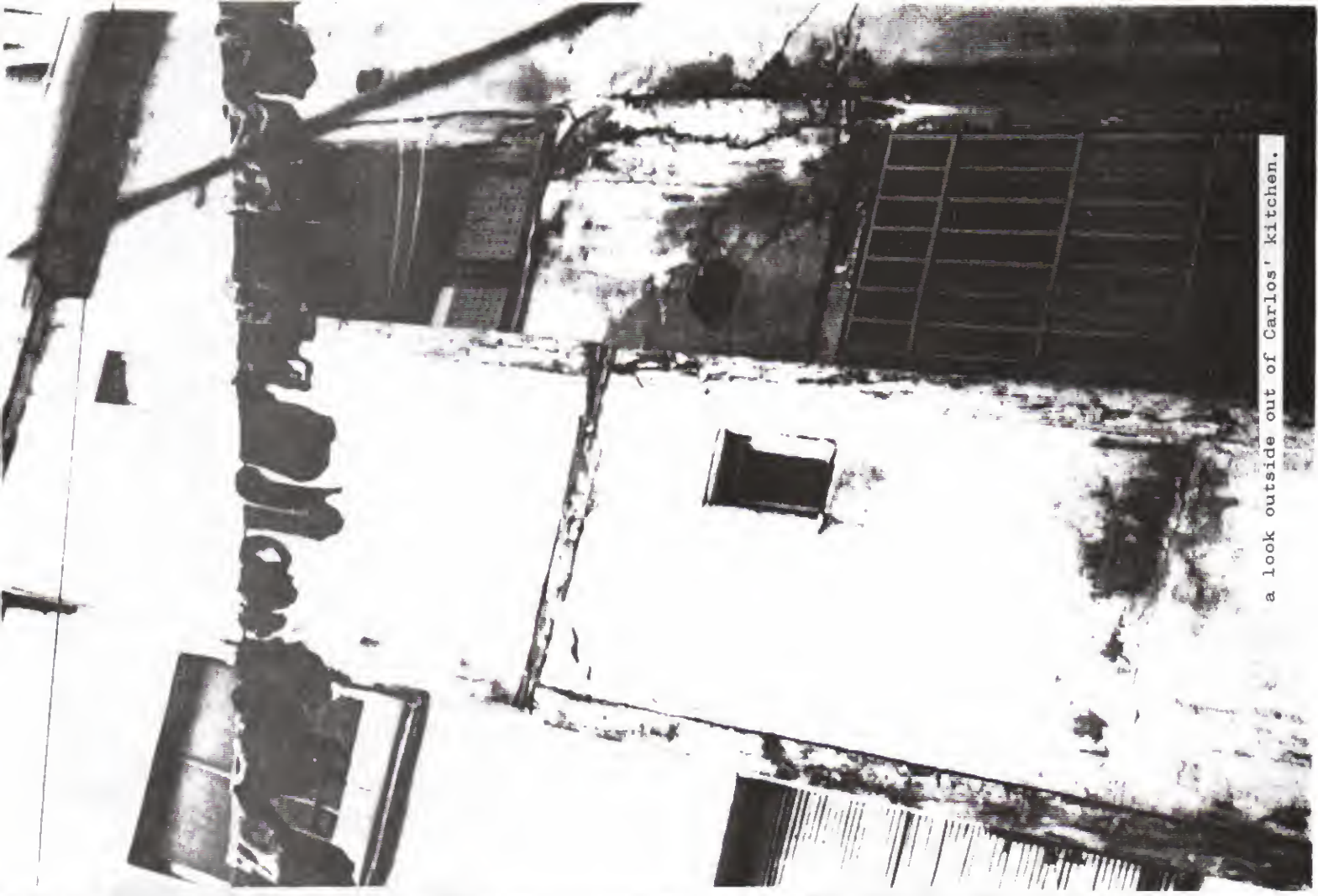
---You know you are attractive, do you use that to get ahead in your musical career? (these questions are really in the game, I swear!)

G : How? tell me, do you know any ways? Just how good-looking am I? Just kidding?

---Thanks for answering the questions, any last words?

G : Well, I'll look for a new band and I hope to see Europe soon. Write me, I love mail, comments, criticisms or any Star Trek paraphernalia. Thank you Hazel.

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a look outside out of Carlos' kitchen.



felt like some freak, a person getting special attention because there's something no other person has, most freaks have a disability, mine is just being a girl in hardcore...

-FELICE 1994- It up in the clocktower, we waited for the bells to give us 12 strikes or at least a song, but nothing happened, then everyone just decided to go ahead, champagne squirted around, little bombs, fireworks went off, a little rocket exploded right next to Saskia the poor lamb, her leg got burned and she was really upset. We asked each other about new years resolutions and wishes, some of us talk about loves, relationships, about veganism, I hope this won't be a chaotic year (when you do loads but you have the feeling you've achieved nothing) and after this tour I'd like to see a bit of future, some security, 'cos at the moment everything seems unclear.

We all went to the squat, carrying the equipment we needed in our hands! we couldn't drive the van to the squat, we'd lose our parking space.

Soundcheck, 1:15, I had a Marshall and the sound was awful, I felt unhappy, we didn't have much time, so we did a song, and some guy came up to me, asked if we didn't have our own amp, I said no, supposed the amp was his, so thanked him, he looked real annoyed, shook his head, walked off. Man, I felt it was gonna be a terrible show, I was gonna feel so depressed, I couldn't even think straight. Luckily David went to the p.a. man to talk about the monitors, so I had some time to adjust my distortion-sound, and how happy was I when I finally found the right noise.

We began around 2. I think there were like 700 people and some people outside, where they made a couple of fires with wood and garbage. Besides the big building with lots of rooms and a cellar, there was a big shed at the back, where the stage was.

I didn't see many civilised people, wrong word, friendly, social, respectful... most people grossed me out. The first couple of songs went ok, I was starting to feel confident, then Bjorn got a blackout in Seizure and he got nervous, so we kept making mistakes. David seemed quite angry and Bjorn upset.

---me : Do you have some kind of personal vision on life, or a personal philosophy?

G : I read the Bhagavad Gita and I try to take things slowly, I don't rush at anything. I like reading Prabhupada's books. I also think it's important to stay on top of what's going on in the world.

---me : Where do you get the energy to get on a stage and do your thing? or the inspiration?

G : Since I was young I've been a showman. Playing is actually hard for me. I just close my eyes and do it. Each show is different, sometimes I'll run around like a madman and other times I'm a bit more coy and subdued. In any case I just try to be entertaining.

---me : are you still working at Angelica's?

G : I'm not at A's anymore.

---me : Could you tell an anecdote, something, whatever? your favourite dish, dessert?

G : Once I met Sinead O'Connor and the management got into a tizzy at me for talking to her. I thought she was pretty charming.

Another time a customer gave me a pumpkin, this guy used to come in and buy 25c worth of carrot butter every day then spend an hour eating it, no joke.

I love the quiches and burritos, their tofu cheesecake is unreal!!!

OCEAN OF
MERCY

---me : You are a Colombian descendant, do you feel in any way related to the original "indians", although most people are probably a mix of Spanish and Indian. Do you feel racism is also about you? 'cos I feel more like responsible, 'cos I'm white) for racism, if you know what I mean.

G : I don't really relate to the old Indian culture. I do find

the subjugation by the conquistadores to be disgusting, but I don't think any more than anyone else.

I think that when we identify with our bodies we will become subject to a type of racism. In reality we are eternal, spiritual in nature. So, we should try to work for similarities instead of our differences. If someone is racist towards me I see it as a reflection on them, not me.

---me : You write pretty personal lyrics, you seem to have no problem to get your feelings across. Did anyone ever call you a whimp because you're emo?

G : My lyrics are type of therapy for me. In my lyrics I deal with the problems that I would normally just ignore in myself. I write tons of lyrics, most of them never get seen or get put to music. No one ever called me a whimp to my face, maybe they are



Just afraid that I would cry or something.
One of the last things I wrote was a song called "5am" about my insomnia.

---me : Things that have inspired you lately?
G : I try to get inspiration from reading and current events. Also people like Natalie Merchant get me psyched to write more.

loading in to head back home...

Some guy, Alfonso or Gonzalo or something? wanted to do an interview. Kurt and me were ready to go but the others didn't seem interested, luckily they came to look for us or they would've missed out. We had the honor to enter these guys' cosy rehearsal room. Gonzo was really nice, so were his two friends. Meeting people like this make it all so much more fun.

We went back to Carlos' house to get a good rest before starting our journey back home, through the hills of Spain and the long Route Nationale of France.

We weren't exactly fast to get up the next... noon. After 12 some of us made an effort to go wash and get ready, packing bags and stuff.

We left around 4, with breakfast and coffee but no food for the trip. Kurt could get hold of bread, all stores were closed. So with all the coins we had left we got cans of soda out of machines.

It was a long trip, I sat in the front with Chat'n and Sylvie, managed to stay awake until like 1:30am the others played cards and went to sleep at around 7. When finally it was my turn to go to sleep, I couldn't, I was thinking of all the things that had happened to us/me felt kinda empty.sad.

Of course I felt a lot better afterwards, you can put things in perspective, we didn't feel like killing Bruno anymore, it wasn't his fault, but if we'd have known beforehand... still... except for all the bad things, we had a lot of fun as well...

Rudy, pee-ing

somewhere along the road...

4 WALLS FALLING

I never thought 4 walls would make it to Europe, but now that they were here I wanted to do an interview with them, or at least try to talk to them to see what they had to say. I'm not an interview expert and I didn't know that much about them, but it turned out pretty ok, after all it's not just up to me, (if a band doesn't have anything to say, then that's not easy to work with.) It was a relaxed couple of hours we spent together, in a rehearsal room in the Vort'n Vis, and I couldn't put everything in, but it was also hard to leave stuff out, so it turned out pretty long, ... I enjoyed the interview, so I hope you don't get bored with it.

My assistants were David and Kurt,

4 Walls falling are : Taylor : studying to be a social worker, did many other studies, once thought he wanted to be a chef (hotel-restaurant),

psychology... he sings.

: Hill : has a degree in painting and printing, works as a tattoo artist, studied art history, political history, German hist.

... plays bass.

: John : did a music major,

... plays guitar.

: Ho : has a business degree, marketing.

... plays guitar.

: Jared, who's not with the band, did a drum major but dropped out, now: social services...drums.

: Tom : sings in Epicac,

plays drums on this tour, good friend of 4W.

To break the ice we start to talk about the tour...

Taylor : ... the difference with the people here, is that there is no attitude of "I'm better than you are", it's like who's the hardest who's the toughest, in the states, but you know, a lot of bands are starting to make a big joke out of it, it's dividing...

Hill : The scene is already small in the United States, and it'll probably get divided further, 'cos everyone is so sick of this tough macho-shit. There are a lot of bands who feel the same way we do, T : So, there's a whole school of new/nice bands and there are tough kids.

---me : How about your scene, do you feel you've evolved in the direction of something new, to where you started?...

: I think for one thing the scene we started in, doesn't exist anymore...

PAMPAS, JUNGLES AND I

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his is the time for strong ideas.

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COAST AND THE MOUNTA



BLINDFOLD

.....

Everyone goes yey, Diane Feinstein(?) she's so liberal and pro-choice and everything but when she was mayor of San Francisco, she arrested homeless people, to clean the streets up and she took all the prostitutes and gay prostitutes off the streets and put them in jail because she wanted to make the city nice.
P : Same goes for Barbara Boxer(?) everyone was wearing Barb. B. stickers at pro-choice rallies, but then on the B. B. platform she said, oh, yeah, I'm pro-choice but only in the case of incest and rape!

----me : Just a last thing, just something I was amazed about, that americans are so much more grossed out by armpit hair and hair on womens legs, when I was in the States, so many people made remarks about it, more than over here anyway. How about the punk scene, do they think like that as well?

T : Now a lot more than a few years ago, it's accepted in the scene, but when you go outside of the scene, people stare at my underarms, and I feel uncomfortable. I think, why should I feel uncomfortable ?, I don't want to get razorblades under there, 'cos it hurts like hell!

A : I remember I was on this bus one time, 'cos, you know, I shave my head, I sat down next to a 70 year old man and he goes : "you shave your head..... don't you know, that man... is the glory of god... and woman is the glory of man... and, hair... is the glory of woman!"

T : Hair is the glory of woman, but you better shave your legs!!! underarms, and you better shave your legs!!!

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B : People in Europe stick to things a lot better than in the United States, the scene here doesn't seem to change as quickly. If we'd play Richmond, I bet there wouldn't be one person at our show who was at our first ten shows...

T : We met/found out about a lot of European bands, that we never knew about, because European bands never get to America. And the shitty american bands that play over here...

B : I can't believe some hands, people ask to come over here, to me that's just a disgrace, you know, I'm sorry but I can't believe sometimes they can travel across the ocean and people pay for it.
T : Like... we played a show with Pitbull here...

---- Kurt throws in a question : Before you were coming over there was this rumour, that you were into krishna...?
hilarity, everyone bursts out in laughter...

B : Yeah, we're undercover krishna. No, we're not krishna, here's two reasons : we're not sexist and we're not homophobic, so therefore, we can't be ...

T : I think that rumour probably started because we thanked Shelter on our first 7", the only reason why we did that, 'cos at that time, when we were recording that 7" which is now 4 years ago... is, that we'd played a show in D.C., the place we were supposed to play had gone out of business, said "has been moved to the platonian temple", and they gave us free food and took care of us, so we thanked them and we didn't know much about it back then, we knew it was about vegetarian food and against drinking... now we found out that a lot of it is about brain-washing and money....

B : so, we're not krishnas we just wear glow-in-the-dark heads, you can buy on tour...

John : There's only one person in the band who's in organised religion, and that's me, I'm a satanist (lots of laughter)...

T : yep, the biker ('cos he has a beard and all) is a satanist.

----me : you can hook up with our local satanist then.

J : well he's gonna send me a 2-bad record.

T : oh? the metal guy... he's a nice satanist.

J : I had a shirt of a death metal band, and he wanted it so, I said do you like the band, he said no, I like the movie.... (Nosferatu)
T : I guess it's better than being into milli vanilli.

----David : I wanted to ask a question about the temple song, what do you mean by self-respect and what are twinkies?

T : twinkies are junkfood, spungy cakes, that a lot of people in the United States... with flour, icing, cream, sugar, really bad. When we were at the studio, we were still writing lyrics to the song, and we couldn't think of anything to rhyme, it was just a joke, so, we came up with, you can keep your twinkies, I'll keep my health. The song could have to do with deceiving all the bullshit, it depends on the person, what you get out of it, someone will think of drugs, or... the lead story in the newspaper, bad information from the media... everything that you're faced with, like, looking hard at it and saying, what is there about this, being honest with yourself.

I don't just mean the body, I also mean the mind, the heart, interior, exterior. It's not just twinkies....
There's people who think, "well, I was born with my body, I'll just fuck with it I don't care, I'll just destroy it", it's also about the way you treat your body.

....silence.... David and me are going through the questions...
T : You sure have a bunch of questions there.

----me : yeah, but they're like ten serious...





B : So...?

---Kurt : A non-serious question. Why did you cut your hair? On the Redemption rec...

T : Everyone over here has... come up to me... like I'm disappointed that you cut your hair....

Bo : he had to go see his grandmother.

? : I'm glad, I thought it was ugly.

T : I liked it,... but it itched in summer...

? : he's about as crust as he can be now.

---Kurt : Another rumour, do all the bandmembers, feel the same way about the lyrics, I mean, Taylor writes'm...is he the only one who cares about them?

Bo : I think we all stand behind them, except for maybe our drummer (Tom), he stands behind a big pile of Twinkies.

John : The political lyrics anyway, you see, I think, I have a problem with Temple, like, basically, I agree with what he's saying, but I destroy my body a lot,

? : Oh, Jeez... John : When I read the lyrics,...

lyrics,... I don't live that kind of lifestyle.

--- we talked about labels and the fact that they'd been sending their demo to all kinds of labels, small and major...

David : What do you think about bands like Rage against the Machine, they didn't get through to that much more people, just because they were managed by a big label...?

Bo : I heard one story about them that was really cool, they played that lolapaloza tour and they were trying to sell their t-shirts for 35\$, and they got up on stage and said: don't buy our t-shirts fuck this lolapaloza piece of shit.

Bill : so, if they did that, that's pretty damn cool, but I don't know that much about them, I read the lyrics once, listened the band a couple of times, I liked it all right. I think their lyrics are really good. I don't know if we can tell if... maybe they will reach a lot of people,... maybe it's too early to tell.

STILL

we grew up with. We had Nancy Drew, this woman detective, there was Charles Angels, they weren't as powerful as they could've been. We had Superwoman, Bionic woman. That could've been powerful woman roles, that kind of died off.

I : We just got through the Reagan-bush era that fucked everybody up... familyvalues...

---me : But the so-called-reactionary women today, the images they use...like in films, they so are not!

K : Film, it's this perpetuating myth, movies stereotype women, they try to go with something and then real women follow that movie-



Images, it's a total myth...

A : I love movies and what I see is this psychotic woman, she's got money, and she's psychotic : Fatal Attraction The hand that rocks the cradle, beautiful women...

T : She's single, she doesn't have any kids, and her biological clock is ticking and if she doesn't get that kid soon, she's gonna go crazy and if she doesn't get that man soon, she's gonna go crazy and she is crazy, she goes around killing people!

---me : and I heard today that Madonna is going to adopt a baby.

A : She doesn't want stretchmarks, no-one wants to procreate with that woman! She's disgusting.



STREET



P : Your environment influences the image you have on relationships so much, you grow up seeing your parents and people around you who have a fucked up relationship and how do you know you can fight for something different until you get in contact with it through friends or something.

T? : The victimrole is constantly shoved down our throats, it's hard to rise above that, you have to realise you can, it takes selfesteem.

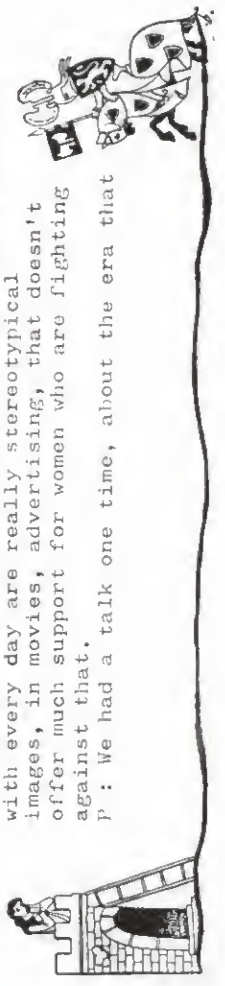
K? : I was abused as a child, mentally, physically, emotionally, by my dad, so my level of tolerance of abuse is really high, so when someone treats me like shit, what else was I to expect. I had to learn over the last ten years, ... to have selfrespect.

T : My mom was severely physically abused by my father. She left him when I was 8 months old. He kidnapped me and when she got me back, she moved very far away and I've known this story ever since I was really little, she told me exactly, why I didn't know my father. She always said she'd never put with any shit like that again, so that's the rolemodel I had. I've never been in any abusive relationship beyond the extent of typical stereotypical games, men and women play with each other...

A : Lack of communication ...

A : One of the hardest things are that the images we're bombarded with every day are really stereotypical images, in movies, advertising, that doesn't offer much support for women who are fighting against that.

P : We had a talk one time, about the era that



T : I wanna see them play, but I'm sure it'd be a complete fiasco, 'cos you have maybe a thousand people at the show and they get beaten the shit out of each other. I write lyrics and I want to get my message out to people and I feel if I keep playing to the same 200 people, who already agree with what I say, I'm not reaching anyone else.

---me : When I saw them play, I was thinking if it wasn't frustrating to play for hundreds of people knowing that the majority's there for the music, they don't care at all...

Jo : In all fairness, when you go to a H.C. show, I seriously doubt that... I mean, a large portion of the audience is only there for dance music?... hopefully if they buy the record and they read the lyrics...

John : but we're not going to cut down a band we don't know that much about.

---David : It was basically about bands that got big... like Fugazi?

Jo : Fugazi's great, they played Richmond recently. They only played for a 5\$ doorprice, which is awesome, inspirational, and the club charged an extra dollar to people who were underage and when Fugazi got up on stage they told everyone would get their dollar back. But they had the power to do that.

FOUR WALLS FALLING

Bill : But something else, some criticism on the H.C. scene, I think this fashion thing... The H.C. scene is so fashion conscious, it seems to me anyway, that it has got a lot materialistic product-crazy people in it, whether it's people who want to get every album...

---me : and they don't even have the time to listen to all of them. ...buying clothes, jewelry, it's just a microcosm of the whole world.

T : You know, I'll go up on stage... and they're like : (whining voice) "man, I didn't know 4walls falling had a crusty punk singer!"

---David and me laugh hard, exactly what happened tonight!

T : "it's like, he's not straight edge anymore!" ..my god, what do I have to wear, a Stussy shirt? to be s.e., can't I have fucking green hair and be s.e., what the fuck?!

? : Early straight edge was very crusty, that's where my background is, early H.C.; Iron Cross, Millions of Dead Cops, (laughter), I listen to a lot of different stuff, but we all agree on bands like, bands that were around like 8 years ago, like...Blast, but he (John) listens to for example deathmetal, and he (?), listens to whatever he likes, from classical, to shitpunk or jazz... we're as different as we can get.

---me : We've had some big discussions on abortion lately, and people keep saying that most women have abortion as some kind of birthcontrol, there's casual sex, or at least sex with no contraception... but then, if that was true, which I don't really know, the main issue wouldn't be illegalise abortion, but, educate people so they'd use contraception... what do you think...

Bill : If casual sex would be the main problem than the main problem would be lack of education and the suppression of sexuality and sex and... birthcontrol. Everyone is so scared to talk about it... we all pretty much agree exactly, you know, I certainly don't





think it's something anyone wants to go through, so I don't believe that people use it as a form of birthcontrol. But it's a woman's choice, period. You can't have laws that dictate what goes on in someone's body.

T : I've heard a lot of people say, "I'm anti-abortion but I'm pro-choice" and that's fine by me, you know, I hear a guy say that I say, ok, fine you're not going to need an abortion anyway, there is no way for you to get pregnant.

---me: A friend of mine said, well, you take the child's chance away to have a life,

T : You might take the chance of the baby to end up in a garbage-can, 'cos the mother can't afford to take care of it. All these people go "we gotta make abortions illegal", but are these people going to take care of all the kids that don't have a place to live. I don't see them going out and adopting all the kids that don't

I keep my eyes wide open, totally looking out at everybody.

-----me : What's the most important thing you want to express, playing or what made you want to do this is the first place.

K: For me it's like this kind of passion I have for this kind of expression, you express yourself differently than you could through a fanzine or a painting. It's vibrant, energy, live, thing, it's in your face, loud.

A : I love to sing, to communicate my emotions and share them with someone else who can't scream out,... so I do it...

T: I've always been into bands and lyrics, I always passionately sought out the things I could relate to, whether on a political

(telling to me, people are doing that to what we're doing too. So many hands and songs have kept me going through so many experiences and troubled times in my life. I hope what we're doing is empowering to other people too.

I : I was looking for an art form to express myself'. At this time I was really thinking about what I was going through as a woman, things I had dealt with when I was younger and what it all meant.

Real Adriennes familie...

1) : We're like, as a band, a support/group for each other, like, on the way to rehearsal we talk and talk, during practise, we also talk, in out problems, it's not like we practise this song and then go our different ways.

---me : It seems like a lot of bands don't really talk to each other, just practise, play music, sometimes don't even talk about lyrics, sometimes people in the band don't even know what the lyrics are about.

Not used

-----me : Did any of you have to deal with sexism in a relationship, 'cos I think that's really hard, 'cos you love this person, and still you want to do the right thing.

A: I was in an abusive relationship, almost a year ago. Both of us were really possessive, and paranoid, it just got out of hand, where I couldn't talk to another man without my partner flipping out.

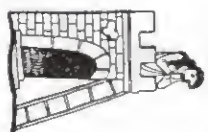
h : she couldn't even dress a certain way.

A: I'd wear things like this (...) and he'd ask why do you dress this way. I'd say, "cos I feel comfortable." But guys can check out your ass, what, do you want guys to fuck you?" My self-esteem and my self-love was so low, and this person [fringed it down further and further and me to him, we hurt each other. But I was taking it because my self-esteem was so low. There was this whole sexist attitude of that I couldn't have friendships with other males. We just totally broke up.

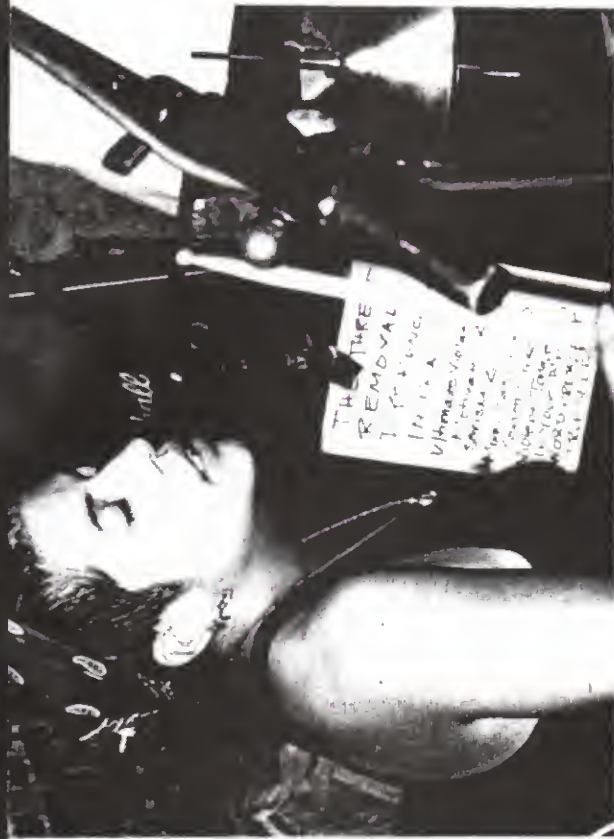
P: In school there was this guy that I was with, he was very much into forcing himself on to me in a sexual way, until a few times I was crying out in tears, I just shut him off of me, but I wasn't very confident. I have been with people this last year

that were amazing. It was really healthy and caring. I thought, so this is what relationships could be like.

A : Positive experiences help you see certain things and make you stronger.



DELIB



totally pushes him on me, and Todd starts screaming, we had to force them out of the house, it doesn't mean that because we're a woman band that we're sleazy.

F : But the positive part of Europe, is the way we've been treated. the hospitality...

K : The people are so incredible.

A : They want to communicate, really openminded.

---Me : You guys have real serious lyrics, but you're totally funny and goofy off stage, so, how are on stage.

K : We talk about sexism and communication, that stuff is really important to us, but as people we're total dorks, we're not tortured souls, it's not like we walk around thinking about it 24 hours a day.

A : It all depends on how serious or how silly we're feeling, I'm really silly sometimes, like Karen breaks a string, I'll tell stupid jokes (...the others laugh hard)(it actually happened that night) , my jokes have gotten better over the years!

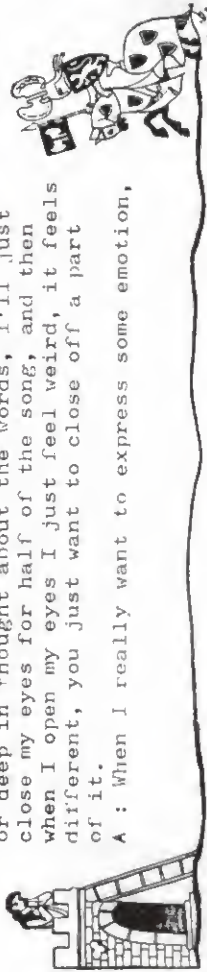
Karen turns her back on the audience, when she's not feeling up to it, faces her amp and then I wonder, where did Karen go?

K : Adrienne can't do that, can you...

A : No, it's like, this next song is called in your face, hiding behind the microphone.

T : Sometimes when we play, I get really, really into the music, or deep in thought about the words, I'll just close my eyes for half of the song, and then when I open my eyes I just feel weird, it feels different, you just want to close off a part of it.

A : When I really want to express some emotion,



have a place to live.

B : It makes perfect sense to focus on sex education.

T : and also, the society is bombarded with... every advertisement says "sex". People are so delirious about it. People who have sex have a responsibility...

B : sexuality shouldn't be repressed, but at the same time people shouldn't reduce anyone to just genitals. We went into Amsterdam like two nights ago, that was just depressing. Their sexuality wasn't repressed but their libidos were going past 100 miles an hour. Pornomazines with kids on the front, that's just out of hand. That's just thinking with your penis to a terrible extent.

-----it went on about putting restrictions on people... making pot legal... creating more problems...

B : Prostitution for instance, you need to give women some sort of alternative... give them selfrespect instead of condemning what



they're doing (sending them to jail), 'cos their economic situation certainly has something to do with it.

T : I like in the United States, we got a big problem with crack, people get thrown into jail and when you ask 'em why they do crack, they say, well, what do we have to live for? 'cos even when they get off crack they're still in a fucked up position.

B : People in Government right now, they don't understand simple logic.

T : The people in power are not people from the inner city. They don't understand people who are on crack. They don't know what the inner city means, they've never even been there.

B : You know the welfare system in the States is a damn joke. It's a good example. My parents were on welfare when I was a kid, so I can speak from experience. They use it as a political scorecard.

When you're on welfare you really don't get that much. They should give people job training as well, people complain, the government gives away all this money to welfare mothers and all that, but that is a myth, it's not like that.

T : It's hard, people say "why can't they just get a job?" but you need to have a home, an i.d., a car most of the time, they just won't hire you.

B : And the welfare system... it's a myth that women will have a child to get more money, the little extra money they give you does not cover the extra child expenses at all. And, when you do get a job, and you get welfare foodstamps, 'cos you don't make enough money, and then you get a small raise, you lose the foodstamps, so you end up losing money...

---we talked about Clinton, lobbying, voting,....

T : I have a problem with the whole voting system, I vote for someone to vote for someone, to vote for someone, to vote on an issue... I'd much rather vote on the issue, the government's looking at me like I'm some stupid nobody.

B : I don't know, we probably couldn't have people voting on every issue, there's just not enough time, for everyone to know every issue, but people now, don't have any idea about politics, what's happening.

---me : Don't you think that people will get fed up with all this, like black people, they'd get fed up more easily, if they organised, united, 'cos they really want to make a change...

T : They could, I've taken two semesters of African-American history, I've heard a lot of speakers about the condition of A-A-people, and the history of it, and it seems that there's a big push to have awareness about what happened and everything, and to have respect for yourself, but it's gonna take a lot more... it's gonna have to be a big push, and I think the LA riots, were, as unorganised as it was, it wasn't nothing.

B : But if they'd been organised and went to destroy the government buildings, that would've been great. It just went nuts.

T : but... people in the United States forget so quickly...

One minute to plug some fav hands :
Ipecac - Avail - Askanse - Current - Ocean of mercy...(yes!)

FOUR WALLS FALLING

SPITBOY

What you are about to read is not really an interview, ...

When Spitboy came to our very own Vort'n Vis, I wanted to take the opportunity to talk to them, and then I thought of a way to do that, think of questions I wanted to ask them, there were two people who wanted to help, but they were too shy to speak up, so I did all the talking, and that's what we did : talk. I could hardly get a word in, those girls can talk and goof for hours... so, it's more of a typed out conversation (again), a tale, a group of girls telling their story... at least that's how I experienced it, and I don't think it matters that it's not up date, it's old, but the things they said still stand...

: Adrienne (vocals) - Paula (bass,v)

- Todd (drums,v) - Karin (guitar,v).

---me : How was the show last night, I heard...

K : It was a fucking nightmare. It was one of those shows, really unorganised, we were told to be there at 5, nobody was there, the whole place was closed, 6 people showed up. But the tour has been great. We toured a week in England with Citizen Fish.

A : I want to tour for 7 months straight.

P : We've been lucky, last night was the worst show. There's been times, like in Switzerland, they thought we were 4 hard-core women, from New York, but we can be real dorks on stage, who are just having the funnest time.

---me : Differences with America?

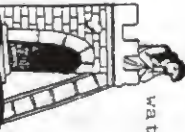
K : The hardest thing has been the communication barriers, there are certain things people will say to us, like during the show, that we don't pick up on, we can't call them on it.

A : I find myself talking to people with my hands and my eyes. P : In Europe, I find that we got a lot more sexual type comments, in a just sly way, like 4 american women on tour, yeah!

"do you sleep around, let's go party"... our roadie said, you almost pick out which one is going to be the asshole to the band, that's like frustrating sometimes, like in Poitiers they shouted things at us in french, Karen understood it, she was able to say stuff back, they wanted us to play naked, "take your clothes off", last night some guy kept saying "what would it be like to have a piercing in my dick" over and over again.

A : In Denmark some guy said "oh, I really like your hair, so... so... short! I really want your address", so I say ok, I'll go upstairs and get a piece of paper, so I go upstairs and turn around and he's walking in, and he lounged at me, like to kiss me, so I say, hey, I thought you wanted my address, and he goes "I want more than your address", making kissing sounds, and sticking his tongue out. And so downstairs I talked to the organiser and he said that guy had been an asshole all night, this was a good excuse to kick him out, so that was good.

The night we stayed in Zutphen, we were at this guy's house, watching a movie and these guys came in, one of them was really showing off his body, he kept saying "it's so great to meet you, I've never met americans before, yelling and stuff. One of them



DOMINATION OF BLACK + GRAY. I'M
 LOSING GRIP. THE STEPSTONES ON
 THE PATH OF MY LIFE ARE CRUMBLING.
 THE ONE SO SECURE STEPS HAVE
 VANISHED TO MAKE PLACE FOR A
 SLIDE. A SLIDE TO LONELINESS
 AND ALL AGAINST I. I'M LOSING
 GRIP. EVERY NIGHT I COUNT THE
 REASONS. REASONING FOR NOT
 CUTTING MY FUCKING THROAT
 REASONING THE FACT THAT I'M
 STILL ALIVE AND DOING WHAT
 I HAVE TO DO. WHAT IF ONE
 NIGHT I REALIZE THAT EVERYTHING
 IS DONE?
 YOU ARE THE LIGHT IN MY DARK.
 LEAVE ME ALONE!



a feeling so strong...



OF THE SENSE
 I STRIVE FOR
 I STRIVE FOR

girl x edge

I wanna slam the door
 something to break

this anger all tied up

I'm surprised... that was all I could take.

roar

cry out loud

jump energy out

kick things

if I didn't think, I'd be throwing things around

hold my breath,

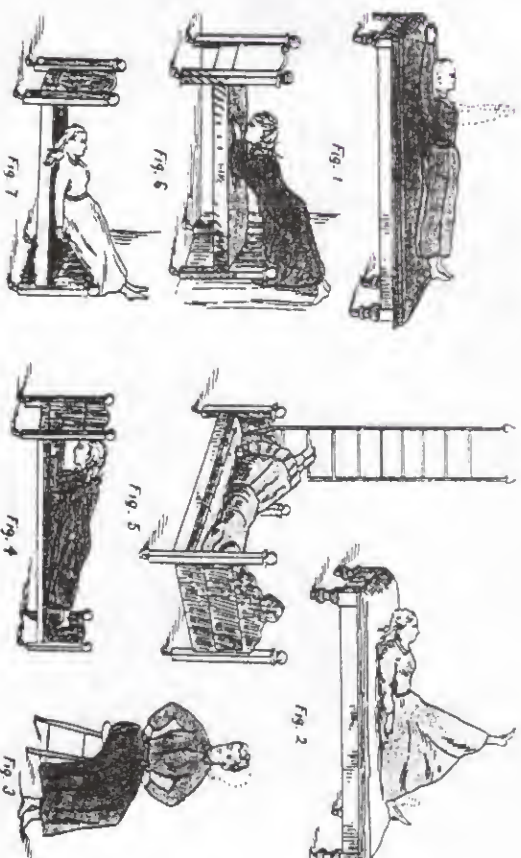
again I failed,

nothing goes the way it's planned.



I wonder if anyone could lose their beauty
and I wonder what makes him fat.
Swallowing empty words is not enough,
is his power what keeps them together?
She's naked, nothing to be done about it,
shallow and scared, sometimes.
Who the hell does he think he is?
his wish - your command,
he'll take care of you, as long as you're
entertaining / giving him the satisfaction
he lives for.
I wonder what she lives for.
Could she be any different from me?

As long as there's music, there's excitement,
keep me in this mood but away from the chain,
shy - playing games - funky stuff - innocent -
beautiful and stuffed with smile,
please don't mention stupid!
I'll tell you about dirty jokes!



I DON'T WANT A LOVER... I JUST WANT TO BE SEEN !!!

What does it mean? What is the impact of writing down words in a paper for public use? How much of yourself can you put for sale? And what will stay left, understood? All questions I've been asking myself. I've been reading Simba magazine for a while now and it's an excellent one but I felt that editor Vi que must have been a hard & though old style feminist type of woman, that's the feeling I got and when I met her in March I found out she was a sweet-pie, she was so nice and friendly. She's concerned and lives up to her ideals but she is not a male-bating type of girl I thought she was. Same cause for Hazel (or Françoise as I always call her, her real name by the way) or

my-
the
but
be
But
they
and
only
works
don't
much
much
can
keep
I'm
feel,



HANS
age 39

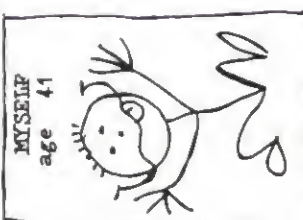
Confusing type of woman, is she a headline feminist someone you can easily talk to? I haven't found out self yet. When I first met her I thought she was coldest person on earth, I never lost that feeling I wouldn't worry. She's not made from ice and may- I am too much influenced by first impressions. back to written words, do they get understood?? Do reach people the way we wish they should?? Some- times I doubt it. I question their impact and value still they're all I own. Writing down words is my way of getting things out of my mind, sometimes it say much, I can give speeches for hours about how I adore the SMITHS and early 80ties popmusic, how I dislike Quicksand and majorlabel 'punk' music, I talk bullshit for hours while wishing I could my mouth shut. But I can't speak loudly for myself shy and weak to talk about how and what I really about my disastrous love-life, my mixed up emotions, my personal shit,... spoken words run empty when I am involved. So I write, mostly for my own food, sometimes to a larger public, sometimes to the indi- dual involved. I feel in love, I can't sleep, I's been said and somehow I feel free.. fine with me.

I wonder if these feelings are so strange, am the only one on do alot of people feel similar. ple who feel alone while there's 20 people around , people who feel they don't have controle over ir lives, it just happens, directionless. Things strongly feel. Going to a show at the 'Vort'n Vie', ing with 200 people and yet feel so alone, so emp- sofar away. Expecting lots of life but feeling ty with what you recieve. It's been said that if think too much about life you start to get dep- sed, so maybe I should watch some more tv and think about nothing. I sometimes envy old school friends who never questioned life and live str8 now, house, car, wife, children,... no worries 'till they die. Je', that live could be so simple and easy... I question the use of my way of live. I want to reach the good life!! That's the only wish right now



EDWARD
age 42

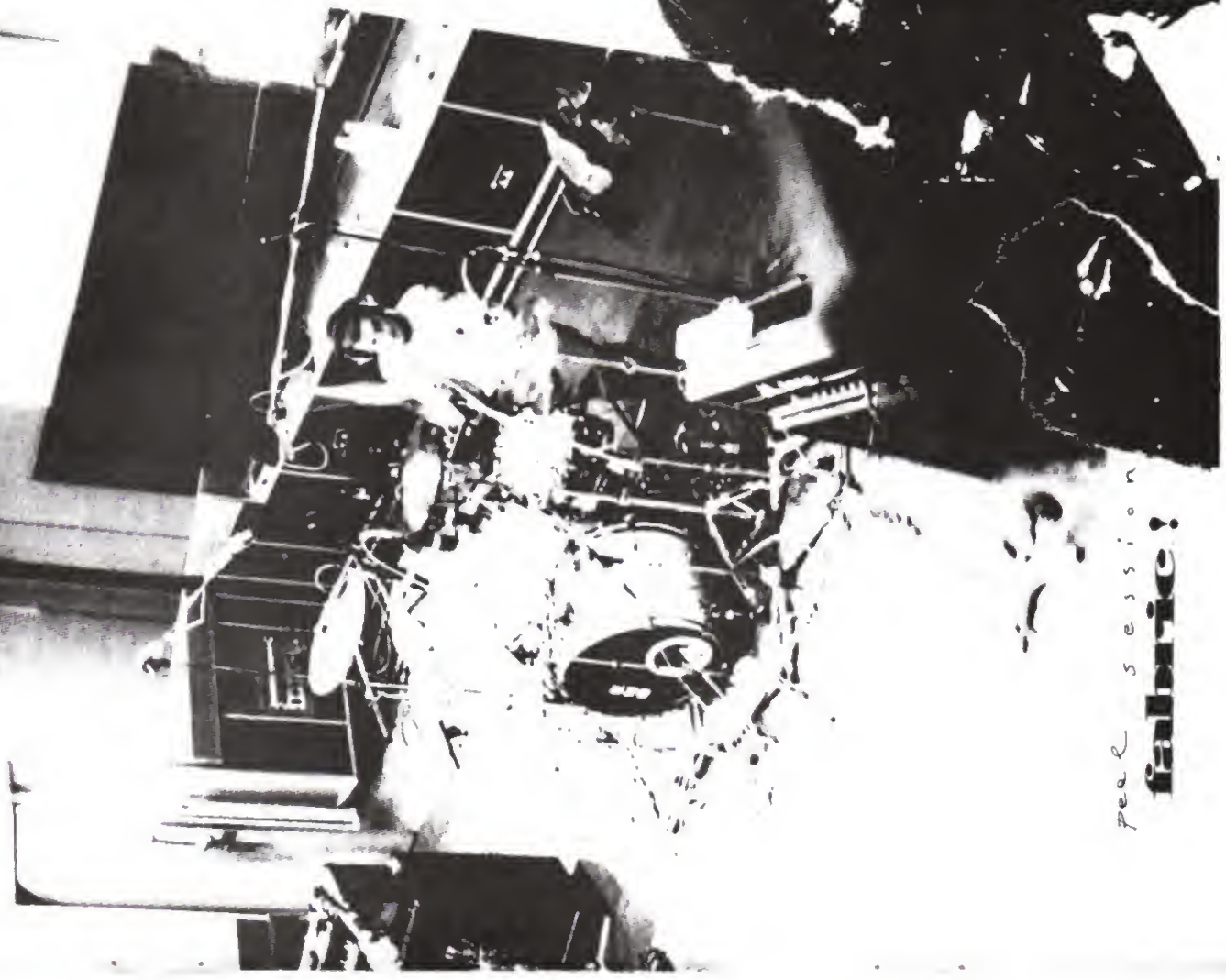
now, house, car, wife, children,... no worries 'till they die. Je', that live could be so simple and easy... I question the use of my way of live. I want to reach the good life!! That's the only wish right now



MYSELF
age 41

MACHINATION
records

peel session
fabric!



WORDS & LETTERS.

A.K.A. WINE AS FUCK.



(from diary)

I don't know if some of my friends watch porn-movies or sex on tv, or if they buy pornmagazines to masturbate. It would be very weird to find out even to imagine they do, very weird, they all seem so a-sexual to me, that I don't even think about it.

(by the way, most of my friends or people I get along with are male) I can imagine someone getting excited, when they're watching (any)movie, and because of a certain scene, or an association, it's possible. Then you might wonder, if someone would deliberately watch a certain movie to get excited? The first is coincidence, then is deliberately wanting to get excited acceptable? Is it ok to get excited? of course it is, but do you have to go out and buy a magazine to sit down and go "hey, I want to get excited, so let's do it"? It sure isn't the way I do it.

Not that I mind people masturbating, but why do you need the porn-industry to do it? I don't know many girls, and not many girls period have talked to me about the way they do it, if they do it. But, I wonder sometimes if there really is a difference in the way girls and boys see it, you know what I mean, boys can find every kind of porn the industry can imagine, it's easy to find, it's even in a lot of calendars, anyway it's all focused on boys, it's one of the most obvious ways, 'cos no-one shows you otherwise, or seems to do it otherwise, at least that is the image I get, I don't know about you? in general of course, why can't you use your imagination, why do you need to see a naked girl/woman with big breasts, red or black lace, lingerie, too much make-up, looking at the camera like a dog that's offered food after they've starved it out for myself, to see what it was about) ok, I know a lot of people have trouble using their imagination, closing their eyes, and really being able to get an image or a feel of something that's not there.

Anyway I talked about this to a male friend of mine and he said it wasn't a big deal (masturbating and porn), I guess that's an answer women get a lot of times. He said it was a kind of "relaxation" to him, like watching horrormovies or reading comics, looking for a kick, excitement. It seems to me it has more to do with compulsion. Can you imagine making it your hobby, "oh, my hobbies? I watch pornmovies and masturbate...."

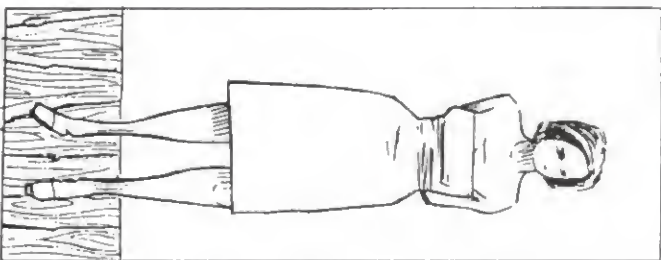
I told him that, he answered he thought he was different than all the dirty perverts who trip on porn-stuff, who look for security, selfesteem, ... in porn. At least he was "aware" of that part. But I'll write more about it some other time.



Saskia from SHORTSIGHT.
"I hate to be promoted as yet another Jewel singer!"
guts, big mouth & emotions.



WORLD'S MOST
ESSENTIAL
QUESTION.



©KAREL

she who hunts my dreams

THE SMITHS

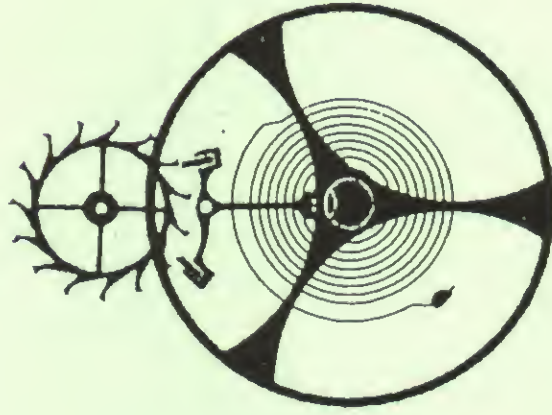


The world's best band ever to exist !!!
fuck classics, fuck the beatles, fuck musical history !!! Manchester, so much to answer for.

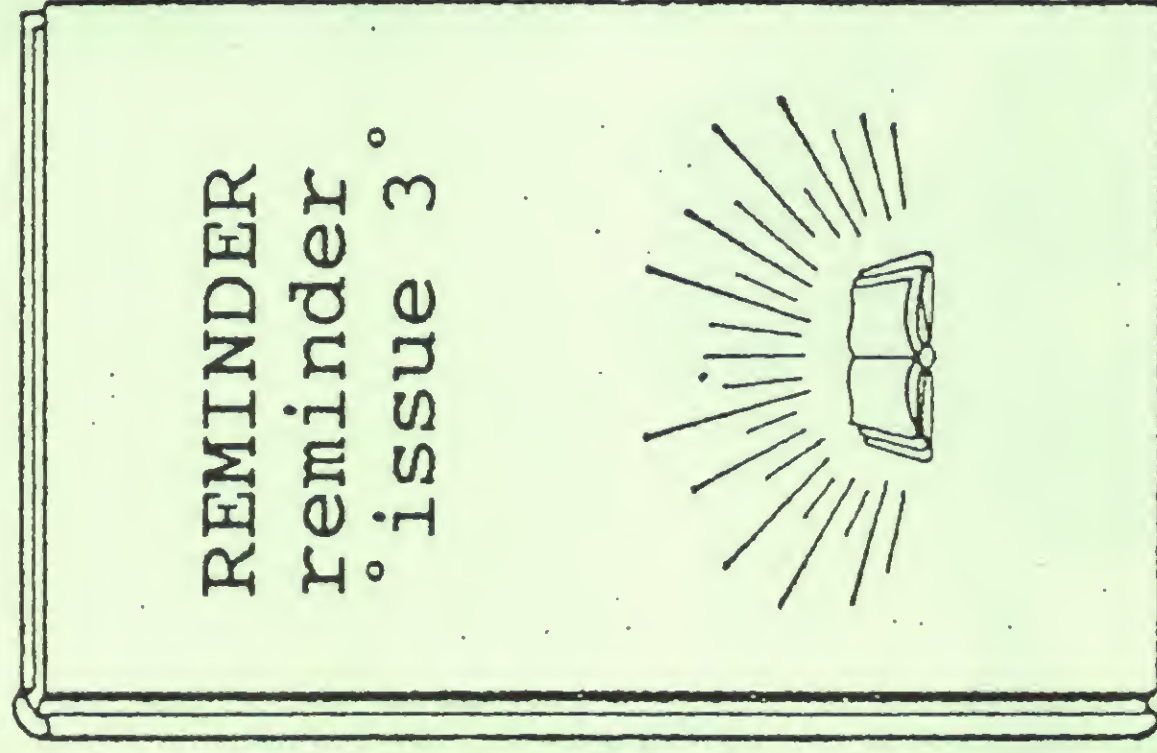
PUNK REVOLUTION 1994 - THE FRIENDLY WAY



° issue 3°



zanfine
fanzine
eniznaf



237 5° 6' and sitting on a bench

shiny happy hazel is hereby promoted as the most wonderful scenestar for putting my pages between the superfluous. Yes, i am entitled to promote people into the hierarchy of the hardcore scene. why ? i bought the shares back from david who did the previous reminder (we did the first one together). he's on the payroll now but i am not going to pay him. i can do so because i am the boss and he is a bad employee because he never shows up, looses all kinds of articles and is too busy studying.

oh well, to be honest, i think hazel is the boss. i am too lazy (that qualifies for 'boss') to make my own 'zine. thank you again. also thanks to jason 'kill the robot'. is it dead yet ? it's the zine i love best !

Wim Vandekerckhove
Hogeweg 316
8930 Menen
Belgium



WE SAIL THE WORLD

here is
to those
who sail
with me :
our trust
is build
on

our faults
we never
hide our

equality.
our faults
we never
hide our
compass
is our
sober mind.

compass
is our
sober mind.

Wim: How do other members of WATER·FRONT feel about religion?

Anthony: I believe in spirituality. However, at this point in time in my life I don't care for organized religion.

Wim: How's the scene in your area? How are you involved?

Anthony: It's great, we have a good following, WATER·FRONT is my main involvement in the scene.

Dan: I've always liked the Salt Lake scene, a lot of people come and go but there is a tinge of sincerity that always seems to stay here. My zine, "Look Within", and my bass playing in WATER·FRONT are my contributions locally.

Wim: Do you profile yourself as a SE-band or vegetarian band on stage?

Dan: No, we don't eat meat or intoxicate ourselves but abstinence isn't our soul identity as a band.

Anthony: I feel abstinence is a personal choice and really doesn't merit discussion for me.

Wim: Future projects?

Anthony: More WATER·FRONT recordings to be made available, hopefully a tour someday.

Wim: Anything to ad?

Dan: Anyone interested in contacting us can write to:

WATER·FRONT

PO Box 70736

Salt Lake City, Utah 84170-0736

Alexandra Kollontai

The idea of 'property' goes far beyond the boundaries of 'lawful marriage'. It makes itself felt as an inevitable ingredient of the most 'free' union of love. Contemporary lovers with all their respect for freedom are not satisfied by the knowledge of the physical faithfulness alone of the person they love. To be rid of the eternally present threat of loneliness, we 'launch an attack' on the emotions of the person we love with a cruelty and lack of delicacy that will not be understood by future generations. We demand the right to know every secret of this person's being. The modern lover would forgive physical unfaithfulness sooner than 'spiritual' unfaithfulness. He sees any emotion experienced outside the boundaries of the 'free' relationship as the loss of his own personal treasure.

People 'in love' are unbelievably insensitive in their relations to a third person. We all have no doubt observed this strange situation - two people who love each other are in a hurry, before they have got to know each other properly, to exercise their rights over all the relationships that the other person has formed up till that time, to look into the innermost corners of their partner's life. Two people who yesterday were unknown to each other, and who come together in a single moment of mutual erotic feeling, rush to get at the heart of the other person's being. They want to feel that this strange and incomprehensible psyche, with its past experience that can never be suppressed, is an extension of their own self.

The idea that the married pair are each other's property is so accepted, that when a young couple who were yesterday each living their own separate lives are today opening each other's correspondence without a blush, and making common property of the words of a third person who is a friend of only one of them, this hardly strikes us as something unnatural. But this kind of 'intimacy' is only really possible when people have been working out their lives together for a long period of time. Usually a dishonest kind of closeness is substituted for this genuine feeling, the deception being fostered by the mistaken idea that a physical relationship between two people is a sufficient basis for extending the rights of possession to each other's emotional being.

(taken from 'sexual relations and class struggle', by Alexandra Kollontai, a publication from the Socialist Workers Party)

sometimes i am sad. sometimes i am lonely. sometimes when i'm lonely i get sad. i wonder why. i think it's because when i am alone i start to think i am lonely. sometimes something is wrong and i can't say what it is. the reason never gets to my mouth. perhaps if someone would just sit with me for a whole night and talk or hold me until i fall asleep i would be able to spit it out or at least know why i am sad. i know it works. sometimes she says 'what's wrong'. and if i say that i don't know she thinks it's her fault. but it's not. i can't find out and tell you when we're in a snooker palace, or sitting on the stairs in this club with people disturbing my melting-process every two minutes asking for the car keys. and if i ask you to come over just like that, for no particular reason, you think that is strange. that would be too much pulling. i can't phone you unless i have something significant to ask you because you get a dozen phonecalls everyday. and when you ask me what's wrong i'll answer that i'm cold. that you don't care as much anymore like you used to. but that is not true. i just say that because i think that is what's wrong. it pushes you even further away. you will feel even more wierd when i call you for no real reason. although the reason is so real. it's just so vague.

i just imagine too much. you'll say something that moves me and i'll hold on to it. you'll forget it because you're an impulsive person but i'll keep thinking about it. running in my mind and keeping me from sleeping. making it even worse and imagining a dozen scenarios of things you'll never do or say but they seem so real when i'm crying in my bed. my doctor says i shouldn't stay awake and torture my heart about them. she's into homeopathic medicine (is that the right word?).



spiritual authorities. I like to call these divine personalities the faultless ones because I believe it is their upright followers who have twisted their teachings - they themselves are faultless. Krishna is a great being, I don't believe His spirit is always present in Iskcon because if it were, people would not be getting hurt.

For me, spiritual life is about compassion, tolerance with people who believe differently than I do; Ahimsa (nonviolence); respect for life; vegetarianism; making a conscious effort not to agitate the minds of my fellow humans and animals; equality (Namaske) acknowledging all beings as equal entities whether they be a scholarly and dignified priest or a cow, elephant, dog, or dog-eater. I want to rectify my faults, my judgementalness, my sexism, my speciesism. I want to become the best jiva (soul) that I can be. I didn't find it possible for me to do these things in Iskcon, so I left. *Hare bull Pra-dudes*. I've always been a little hesitant to say anything negative about Iskcon because they are fundamentalist, and fundamentalism scares me, but I carry weapons and I've learned how to shoot my semiautomatic pistol real well, so I think that I will be ok.

For every beautiful attribute I've found in a person, place, or thing, I've also been able to find an ugly attribute in that same person, place or thing (this includes myself and Iskcon). Some people may think it's hypocritical for me to have an appreciation for the philosophy of Ahimsa and own weapons at the same time. I own weapons only for self-defense & protection. After all, defense is one of the 4 necessities of life (at least in Iskcon's eyes), the other three being eating, mating, and sleeping.

became a purity freak. I had a sexual fetish to somehow be spiritually beyond the urge of sex. I was constantly judging myself and others in my mind and sometimes in my words. While I was living in the temple I finally started becoming honest with myself. I realized it would be best for me to leave the temple, get married, and pursue my Vaishnava interests outside of the temple live-in quarters. I approached a big shot in Iskcon and told him my feelings about wanting to get married, etc. His verbatim words were, "Bhakta Dan, you want to avoid marriage because ultimately, a woman is nothing more than a different type of toilet for a man to pass a different type of stool into." I felt this was a statement that was in conflict with the concept of Ahimsa (nonviolence). I didn't want to be a sexist and I didn't want to live in the temple anymore, so I left, moved back to Utah, got married, went to work as a florist, and occasionally took a bouquet of flowers to the Utah Iskcon temple. My wife is Hindu, and although I was no longer *physically* in Iskcon I was still *psychologically with them* in a lot of ways. After I moved out of the temple I could no longer agree with them the same way I used to. Gradually I started seeing and believing things differently than they do. I eventually quit my job as a florist and as a result I was no longer able to give the Utah Iskcon Temple flowers. Because I was no longer able to donate flowers, anytime I went to a Sunday Feast or any type of celebration, they barely acknowledged me as just another *Karmi* there for the food. I no longer go to the temple. I'm no longer involved with an organized spiritual group. I love the Vaishnava tradition from India, I love reading about Christ, Krishna, Buddha, and other

hit the nail on the head. she asks what my problem is and i say i'm so nervous that i wake up in the middle of the night because my tommy aches so bad. did you have any shock lately? uhm ... on an emotional base? well, yes, you could say that. do you care a great deal when someone does something unfair towards people? sure i do. also on a larger scale, like when you see images of yougoslavia on telly? it's not the guns or the bombs, it's when i see people being burried, you know, the funerals and children crying cos they don't know what's going on. do you like food that tastes sweet?

yes. then she asks me to lie down and she nearly pushes her finger thru my skin on two specific points. they are two points on a particular acupuncture line on my body. i have to tell which one hurts most. it's all about yin yang and keeping balance. the one on the right side of my chest hurts most. is it a big difference? yes.

ok, you like strong black coffee, don't you? yes, i do. i can tell. try not to drink too many. then she starts the speech about impulsive people. they sometimes say things that are not meant as heavily as i take them. i should not let them spook around in my head very long otherwise they'll get me down. i guess i imagine too much.



SMILING FACES Smiling Faces

The smiling faces want you to buy a book. They have plenty. They are nice. They invite you to the temple for a Sunday feast. There, everybody is nice. Nobody is pushy. You go back. They get more pushy everytime you go back. "Do you chant?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, I don't really have time."

"But you have to make time. Remember it's for Krishna. It's so great. You don't have to chant much. Start with four rounds a day. When you feel like it, go up to eight rounds a day. Then ten, then sixteen. Good devotees even chant more than twenty rounds a day. Try it!"

Yeah right, the more you chant, the lesser there is time to do other things. The more you read their books, the lesser you will read other views. ISOLATION. That's their aim.

Actually there are three sorts of books. First you have the cooking books. Those are absolutely great for vegetarians. Vegans can easily replace the diary products. It's full of easy and cheap recipes, but the dishes are killers.

Then there are the philosophy books. You read one, you've read them all. They have different covers and different titles, but are filled with the same sentences.

The third ones are the story books. These tell stories of when Krishna was born as a child or talk about Kings and fights. They are full

of violence. There exist even Krishna comics. I bet devotees feed these to their kids. Or read a bloody Krishna bedtime story so their children dream and learn how to fear a god and call it to love and to serve. These books teach you it is ok for Krishna to do everything, even to kill. And it is not ok for you to do anything if it is not allowed by Krishna. But how do they ask him permission to do something? Is there a secret hotline? Does Krishna have a post office box? No, devotees ask their spiritual master, their Swami.

Swamis say they speak in Krishna's name. And they are right because they are authority. Swami's are authority because they know the books. And the books say that those who know the books are authority. Circled path. Ditto thinking. They have power. And it's ok for power to kill. Why?

Well, anything Krishna does is good. So if he kills, it's good. Swamis speak in his name, so if you'd kill for a Swami, you actually kill for Krishna. Any action gives off karma. But when you act on behalf of Krishna (or his spokesmen), then Krishna takes over that karma. So if you kill for Krishna it is good.

You hear me coming? It spells Holy War! Jihad. Expect new colonisation. What do you think will happen if 75% of the world population is into Krishna-consciousness? Do you think they are still going to preach to you? My guess is they'll just put a gun to your head and pull the trigger if you refuse to chant. And it's not just a guess. Below are some quotes taken from a book called "VARNASRAMA MANIFESTO FOR

Interview with Anthony & Dan of WATER·FRONT (USA)

Wim: History of the band

Dan - bass, age 25; Anthony - vocals/words, age 21; Chris - drums, age 19; Thai - guitar, age 22. Formed in January of 1991. We've played close to 40 shows now.

Wim: Is there a message behind the name

"WATER·FRONT"? How did you come up with that name?

Anthony: Thai came up with the name for the band, however, there is no real significant meaning behind it.

Wim: Did WATER·FRONT tour already?

Anthony: Only Idaho and California; we've played mostly local shows.

Wim: Who writes lyrics and where do you get inspiration?

Anthony: I write all lyrics. I get my inspiration from my life experiences, my surroundings and my environment.

Wim: Dan, what made you drop out of the Krsna movement?

Dan: In the name of becoming "pure", I became a fanatical, fundamental, judgmental, sexist person with no contentment or serenity. I'm not blaming Iskcon for my character defects, my faults have always been a dormant aspect of my personality, however, the longer I stayed in Iskcon, the more manifest my ugly characteristics became.

I left Iskcon because I lost faith in its validity. I felt like I was serving an organization rather than a God. The organized belief systems within Iskcon kept falling short of my spiritual needs. I

Smiling
Faces

Interview with Anthony & Dan of

WATER·FRONT (USA)



"SOCIAL SANITY", written by
Harikesa Swami Visnupada
(ISBN 0-89213-042-3). I
suggest you buy this book or
at least read it. It ex-
plains how the system would
be organized if it was in
the hands of the Krishna-
leaders.

Page 70 : "Before hearing the science of the
varnasrama system one should become acquainted
with the creators and maintainers of the system -
the Vaisnavas. ... In the general group of
Vaisnavas, some are specially empowered by the
Supreme Lord to represent Him in the material
world."

Page 81 : "The Vedas engage everyone in religious
activities regardless of his degree of material
contamination".

Page 154 : "Therefore, the main thrust of the
government should be to elevate unfortunate
persons through large-scale spiritual rehabilita-
tion centered on the Hare Krishna maha-mantra,
prasada, and huge transcendental festivals."

Page 68 : "All members of the varnasrama society
directly engage in the service of Krishna or indi-
rectly by serving those directly serving Krishna."

Page 129 : "In a varnasrama society, the
brahmanas supervise the flow of information."

Page 134 : "Once the varnastama society is established, the cynosure of every community will be a worship centre, a house of the Supreme, where the Lord will reside in His Deity form."

Page 123 : "From the early years of life, children should hear correct knowledge of the material and spiritual realities. They should learn to understand the difference between matter and spirit, and the predominance of spirituality over material ignorance. By chanting songs and mantras that glorify the Supreme Lord, they should put this knowledge into action and thus purify their consciousness."

Page 135 : "The community center for worship is not just a building used a few times a week. It is the daily site of a full slate of programs."

Page 136 : "Those who sincerely take up the process of chanting the Lord's holy names will definitely, in due time, achieve the result of pure love of Godhead." and "Besides serving as priests for the Diety or speakers giving discourses on transcendental literature, brahmanas in a varnastama society will also guide each citizen's personal life."

Actually it was Ray of Today (Ragunath das) who recommended me this book. He said I would like it. You bet I do man ! It is really worth struggling thru the difficult language (especially for those like me, who

haven't got english as their native language). It really shows how to get back to the middle-ages. First you base power on a book. Then you only learn a minority how to read. It's a brilliant masterplan, but not very original.

Saturday Jan 1

The show in Hannover we were normally going to play didn't go thru, but we got another one instead. Olm was the place. It was a show together with Rancid. The show was ok. Rancid played too long. There's really not much to say about tonight. Except that I know that when we get home, Nations On Fire is going to stop. There is a distrust on money and we're getting the feeling that we're just a stage for Ed to be on. To trip. The more I think about it, the more I get the idea that the band is Jeroen, Filip and me, and NOF is Ed. At least that's how he wants it to be.

Sunday 2

Last show. Ever. Köln. When we left on tour, Köln was flooded and this place was under water. It wasn't sure we were going to play here. But the people worked their ass off to get this place suitable for a live show. We play with Ego Trip again. Our set goes smooth. Pot Of Gold is extra long. Jeroen tries to destroy his bass by kicking and beating it, but he's got an extra tuff one it seems. After the show Ed's bugging me with what is going to happen when we get back home. It's strange, this tour was so much fun. Before tour we had a lot of tentions, which made Jeroen and me say that after the tour we'd leave the band. I said I still wanted to record the LP, but not Jeroen. Jeroen now says that if we do it soon, he's willing to record aswell. It's like a trap we let ourselves talk into. Once you've said yes, it's hard to draw back, but I think this is the End Of the Fire anyway.

Some days later

Nice to be home. Nations on Fire is dead. Jeroen stepped back on his words and is not going to record. Ed is panicking and talks me under the table. He's good at doing that. He tries Filip but Filip calls me first to check out how we both feel about doing the LP. We both feel it's kinda wrong to do it without Jeroen. Also, Filip wanted this LP to be put out by ourselves. Ed didn't feel like doing so, but we never really took any decision about what was going to happen exactly with the recordings and who was going to control the whole thing. So Filip and I decided not to record. There will be no 'death of the pro lifer' LP. Or is there ? The songs were once demorecorded in a quick fucking hurry with tons of mistakes and wrong arrangements. Two songs from those recordings came on 7" under the name NON-SMOKERS. If one of us ever puts out more of those songs he is a fucking thief and is ripping of his own 'friends'.

END OF THE FIRE

i want to switch sides, so he walks from where i came and falls into the hole (Jeroen is blind without his glasses). Hilarious. Some kid wants my plectrum, but it's not mine so i can't give it away or charge anything for it. Bad luck kid. We make up some story that it is my birthday and people sing 'happy birthday to you'. Haha, if they only knew. After the show, this plectrum kid comes up to me filled with joy, because it's his birthday too and he wants some special treatment. It's too difficult to stay serious so i go backstage to help out moneywise. Wolf Stephen Rose is amongst the little goats and takes every percent he can get. Filip gets tired of it and so does Ma. Money is envolved behind the HC-scenes in Germany and both Ma and Filip hate it. SOY takes off the same night to Salzburg, Austria. We'll see them again somewhere in Belgium (i hope). We get to hear the new Ego Trip 7" testpress at Ma and Otto's appartement. It's solid and heavy. Ma is a good soundman. He's a rippin'trippin'dude on fire!

Friday 30

We should have played Prague today, but we cancelled the show. The organiser is pissed off. Sorry, we've got our reasons. We went to the X-mist office instead. Ed expected Armin and Ute to throw a big party for us. When we got there Armin was ill (he was in bed) and Ute looked really tired. We'll have to make our own party. No problem with me, but Ed is being the depri-guy and tries to infect us with it too. No go man. Ma, Sigrid (ma his girlfriend), Nathalie, Jeroen and me go to some party in the local youthcentre. This is going to be fun. In the dance space, the stroboscopic lights are on all the time. Combine this with drunk people and Nirvana music and you get live performances of Funniest Homevideos. One guy falls, ten on top cos noone sees him. Great! At 23.30 we leave for the castle. There are a lot of small hills around Nagold and one has an old castle on top. It's a muddy climb to the top and the woods are so fucking dark. We're lucky Ute gave us a flashlight. We get to the top a few minutes before midnight. It's a nice view. When the countdown gets to zero it's newyear. This is incredible. Everywhere you look there's fireworks going up. From all over the city and from every surrounding hill. The bells toll but it's not the Metallica song. The scene reminds me of the one we saw on tv about Bagdad city. Except everything was peaceful here. The raid lasted for 15 minutes. Downhill goes faster, but is more dangerous on the muddy paths. We went back to the party, only to find out everyone got even more drunk. When people you don't know at all start to hug you, you really want to stay. Jeroen was freaking out (still wearing the tie) on these old new wave classics they were playing. He beats John Travolta in Saturday Night Fever. There is a 50 by 80 cm big close up of Willies face on the wall. Hilarious. Of course, when i ask him about it, he will say it is his brother. Yeah, right. Anyway, this was a really cool night. In a way, i'm glad we didn't play Prague. This was a good night out, whatever the ones who were whipping say!

Reading the book made me think about christianity. They too have Swamis, and a masterswami, the pope. It's a strange jump, but in a way i think the pope still believes the Inquisition was

justified. Because they deny god. Can you see the similarities between Swami and Pope, between Krishnapo-lice (Ksatriya's) and inquisitors? I sure as hell can! Let me give you some more quotes to make it clear

Page 144 : "Firmly understanding that the citizens are parts and parcels of the Lord and are meant to engage in the Lord's service, the leader must consider it his duty to accommodate everyone within the varnasrama system, so that each person can link with the Supreme."

Page 156 on the abolishment of capital punishment : "But this abolishment demonstrates the ignorance of society's leaders, not mercy to the killers. If a person kills another and the government does not execute him, then after death that person has to meet suffering from the law of karma far in excess of what he would have received if the state had executed him. When a murderer is executed in accordance with religious law, then he is absolved from punishment after death by the law of karma. The varnasrama system does not show ignorant, false mercy to perpetrators of vicious crimes. Sometimes people become astounded at how one human being can judge another and sentence him to severe punishment. But if one follows the law books of religious codes and principles given by the supreme authority, Krishna, then judging men is no problem."

The following quotes give a picture of the Krishna-police, the ksatriyas. They illustrate the extremely violent and oppressive character of Krishna-consciousness and their legal body : ISCKON.

Page 157 : "The Vedic ksatriyas were men of enormous physical strength and intense mental determination. Utterly heroic and courageous in combat, they were absolutely committed to kill the enemy or meet their own death."

Page 159 : "The nuclear ksatriya either physically, mentally, or electronically confronts the enemy, and he tries to destroy the enemy with whatever devices and weapons are his particular specialty. Failure means death for him, in one way or another."

Page 160 : "If upon the emergence of a varnasrama society, troublesome nations, ruled by envious and demoniac principles still exist in the world, then the varnasrama society should confront and subdue them. As long as the earth is burdened by elements inherently opposed to God-consciousness and the God-centered management of the world, the military arrangements of the varnasrama society must be the best."

Page 161 : "The varnasrama chief executive and his subordinate ksatriya administrators must organize society so that as soon as the qualities and propensities of a young student are ascertained, the youth receives clearcut guidance and instruction: 'you are of this social division. You must work with these particular qualities and learn these particular skills.'"

Page 145 : "The ksatriyas occupying leading roles in society must recognize that they have been given their positions by the Vaisnava brahmanas, who act on behalf of the Supreme. They must remember that the society actually belongs to the Vaisnava brahmanas and Krishna."

Draw your conclusions yourself. Compare and adjust. I did. I wrote this article because there still are people who are about to find something they are not looking for. But it gets presented on a shiny golden plate. The devotees won't sell the book I quoted from on the streets. No, this

book is meant for people who are already enough brain-washed to just take it as something that comes with the package. They are ready to accept everything that



It would make them perfect. I would make them perfect Third Reich soldiers. I do not believe that people can be deprogrammed by someone who doesn't know anything about this Krishna-consciousness. People can be reprogrammed and that is exactly what any sect is doing, they put more pressure and shout louder than free thinking people. That's how they brainwash. If you shout any louder then them, you can reprogram anyone. But only when a person reprograms himself it gets close to deprogramming. Anyone who wants to see the shit that hangs around a golden coin, will see it. The 'Ich habe es nicht gewusst'-mentality only occurs when people close their eyes. Of course, it takes guts to admit you're wrong. It takes an honest, sober mind to change yourself.

replaced them sooner), which slowed the show down, but after that it was Banzai.

I freaked out and fell off the stage this time, almost breaking the guitar. I know I'm like talking about only my moves, but believe me, when you're up there going nuts, you don't see what others are doing. The first band reminded me of my first punk band called 'pietje roze konin', except these guys could play. It was fun and it felt positive and was totally self relativating. They were called The Simpsons.

Spirit of Youth decided not to play. They were not sure to get their guarantee, so they left (after eating the food). So did the LSC of course. It disappoints me that soy didn't even stay to watch us and give us support. Well, they're deaf when it comes to lending equipment. - they worked for it - didn't everybody? Or did I wake up one morning and found a guitar and drumset in the backyard?

Anyway, it pissed me off. The guys from Hammerhead wrote their name on the van. We'll have to make promotion for them now. Shit. They also wrote their idea of us on the wall. It said: Nations On Fire are sissies and have no balls. I'll take that as a compliment.

I made fun of them, pretending I would make a photograph of them, having them take poses for 10 minutes, then finally put on the lens-cap and never clicked. Assück have concurrents when it comes to stupidity.

Wednesday 29

We nearly lost Jeroen his amp this morning on the highway, when suddenly the back door opened for no clear reason and all the equipment fell on top of each other, nearly pushing the bass amp out. Jeroen says it was broken anyway. He's nuts.

The town we have to play looks really old and wasted. It's grey and totally depressing. So are the people in the club. Extremely violent fuck-up dancing by some macho-pijos. Lots of 'fuck you's when Ed says his thing against smoking. We only played like 15 minutes, which pissed them off even more. It wasn't much fun, so why pretend? UJ, Jason and Hans were sitting on the side of the stage in case the pijos would get hold of Ed, which they tried. We made up for the shit night by bringing up TV reruns of classical comedy shows like Fawlty Towers, Allo Allo, Have you been served, ...

Thursday 30

We all feel like zombies today. Except for Ma. Tonight is gonna be his show. It's in his hometown and we play with his band called ECOTRIP. He will also play some songs with NOF. I like Ma a lot. Everyone does. He's warm and he can lick his nose and whistle in stereo.

We're also playing with SOY and Growing Concern. SOY have a lot of success this tour, which is great for them. They are selling a lot of their tapes. Ego Trip is pretty popular around here. Otto has a big mouth and uses it. Ma goes nuts and pulls freaky faces. Growing Concern have technical problems and a bad sound. And then it's our turn. I go banana and fall through the stage this time. I'm jumping on the basket-mosh-parts and suddenly I sink, finding the stage up to my middle. Anyway, I crawl out and walk to the other side of the stage. Jeroen thinks

NATIONS ON FIRE tourreport

Friday dec 24

We just passed Hengelo in Holland. We've been driving for 4 hours now. We've got another 5 to go. I'm writing this now because it will be dark soon and i'm not sure if Willie fixed the light inside the van. It's the same van as last year, but it has improved! We now have a little fridge, which is loaded with veggie burgers and goodies made by Nathalie and Filip, a gas thing to cook and ... most important, there's a heating inside the van so we can sit cosy and warm. Unfortunately, Willie can not drive us. I hear he has heart-problems and he has to avoid stressful situations. Let's hope he gets better soon. I had prepared lots of jokes plus a tourslogan. it would've been "FREE WILLIE", referring to the film where they liberate an orca whale. Jeroen is already acting weird and we're not even on stage yet. He's wearing a white chemise and a tie. Just the clothes to feel comfortable in.

We tried to rehearse this morning but after the second song Jeroen broke a string, he didn't have any "in stock", so we had to stop and go buy some. Logic, no?

Why am i writing all this obvious shit?

Later... We arrive at the place (Kulturzentrum) in Neu Münster around 10pm. The show starts at 11pm, which is normal for Germany but too late for me. There's trouble. One of the organisers doesn't want ABCDiabolo to play because of the cover of their latest album, which has a close-up of a blow job on it. Assück doesn't want to play if ABCDiabolo doesn't get to play, which is fine with me because then we can play right away and hit the sack.

Anyway, there's a discussion and they ask me if i have a problem with the cover. I say no because i don't have a problem with it. I think it's easy and pointless to have such a cover, but it's not sexist 'in se'. Anyway, it's midnight when they start off. I like the slow parts but i don't like the voice nor the singer himself. He makes stupid remarks. Next up is Assück. They suck. I can't imagine a band being so bad. Ed says the singer used to be in Citizens Arrest and i'm glad i do not have any record of them. He wants us to think he's heavy. He's so stupid. We get to start at 2am. Almost everybody is drunk, so they won't hear any mistakes, huh. And we make plenty! Who cares, i really enjoy myself and we get to catch up every note we drop which proves we're a band that should not rehearse at all. I'm happy with this first show. Ma says we played a lot of mistakes but not as many as he expected. Yeah yeah, fuck yourself Ma!

Saturday 25

When we finally got to the house where we slept, it was 4 am. They would bring us breakfast at 9. Only 5 hours of sleep and i need more. We sleep in the same room as Assück. Mistake! They decided to play poker and want us to play along. They play for cash. They're so stupid. The language they use is

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"No"
"Please?"
"No"
He didn't go away.
"Well, you can buy it. It's 5 DM"
"Do I have to buy it?"
"Yes"
"But i have no money"
"Sorry, no plectrum"
I wonder what he thinks of me now. I'm glad he didn't pay the money because he would've lost his selfrespect.

Monday 27

We wrote a crad to Tine, saying it was so boring, so that she would not feel shitty about staying home.

The show was very fun! It was in an old swimming pool, and we were down in the deep pit. During Pot Of Gold Ed grabbed this guy on stage, then started interviewing him about the war in Yugoslavia. We did not do any "bis" songs, but Filip invited 4 people on stage to play our instruments. That was so cool, this is real participation of the crowd! They started to play something poppy, but this kid couldn't sing or shout anything so Jeroen grabbed the mike. That's where it got hilarious. Jeroen, still wearing his tie and shirt, rolling on stage and singing really high. Then this hardrock-bodybuilding-macho comes on stage, steals the mike from Jeroen and starts to show off. Incredible. But Jeroen doesn't agree, jumps on the back of this hardrock dude and gets back the mike. This is superb. What a show!!

After the show two kids come up to us stating that we played too short and the last part was bullshit. What a ridiculous person. One said he paid a lot for entrance. He paid 7 DM. I don't think that is much. Every HC show in Belgium is more expensive than this. He said "Yeah, but i don't work". Yeah, right on kid, you're probably the only one in whole Europe without a job. He was wearing a Born Against shirt, who also play short sets, never do encore's, but yeah, they're from the US right?

Tuesday 28

There are tensions between Ed and Domp (from SOY). I guess it's 2 same characters and they just don't get along. I hope it gets better. We went into town (Dortmund) this afternoon. I got a cool secondhand sweater and some presents for when i get home. Others bought some collector records. It doesn't interest me and i don't know shit about it.

Well, i don't think the show tonight will be much fun. (Siegburg). Not many people have showed up and the ones who have are some Hammerhead dudes or LSC guys. Every one else thinks i'm a krsna, because i'm wearing my orange trousers and an orange Shortsight-longslieve. But i like sex, so if i would be krsna i could not wear orange!

Later ... It's bizar. No one of us felt like playing. And then you're onstage and it changes so much. We all gave ourselves 100% tonight. For ourselves and for the few cool people in there. I broke a blood-covered string (i knew i should've

so sexist that i'd like to make a remark (just like any of us by the way), but they're probably drunk, so i'm making plans to steal their breakfast. They start arguing about money, about paying back what they lent each other. They're so stupid. I hope they loose a lot of cash on this tour, so that they never tour again over here. I mean, they're so bad and so stupid, it's just a name from the US.

At 8 Ma's alarm clock goes off and he's the only that does not wake up. I stop it and try to get some more sleep. But Filip comes in with the breakfast-guy. Filip says that Assuck is born in the wrong era. He says it in his own way of humour which makes it funny.

stealing breakfast won't work, so i'll get back at them in another way. They're pissed off because Edward said something on them on stage and afterwards in the backstage. Right on Ed, they're so stupid.

Anyway, today we play Chemnitz. Did i already tell you who's in the van ? Well, there's the band of course (Jeroen, Filip, Ed and me). Ma is driver. And then there's Nathalie and Nathalie. Confusing. Very !

I'm listening to Roxette. Ed says that the reason i listen to it is not because i like their popmusic, but because i like someone who's a Roxette fan. Well, ... Ed can be such a jerk sometimes. Or no, sometimes he's not. haha. What else have i got with me : Paradise Lost, Midnight Oil live, Fugazi, Belly, Suzanne Hoff, Iceburn. Bringing Iceburn along will make Rudy happy. He's going with Shortstight on tour in Spain. They leave today. I hope they get the X-mas cards i sent as a surprise.

Tomorrow we meet Spirit Of Youth. They're on tour aswell. Everyone from the home-crew is gone on tour, either playing or as roadie or driver. Except for Tine and 3 guys from Congress. Too bad Tine couldn't come along on tour with us. Something about a job. She's like always smiling which makes her a cool person to be on tour with.

Everybody is reading a book now. I think i'll read some too. I have the book with me Hazel gave me for my birthday (thnx !). If i wouldn't stop myself i'd read it all in just one day. It's cool.

Sunday 26

I enjoyed the show yesterday. The hall was packed with people, around 600 in all. We played with ABCDiabolo and Assuck again. We were on second. The PA man wanted me to soundcheck but i really had to go to the toilet. When i got back, he was still saying "gitarre, gitarre". So i plugged in and my soundcheck was : "tarara duh". Then he said : "ok, that's fine". !!!?????!!!

Some soundcheck. I think i jumped around too much, because we played even more mistakes than yesterday. I'm also totally unexperienced playing guitar thru PA. It's a big difference than just your own amp. It sounds so fucking unnatural. I definitely need more drum in my monitor tonight. Now i understand why Hans and Jan don't like to play with PA when we do shows with Blindfold. It's better for the singer, but it takes experience to feel comfortable with it. People went violently nuts anyway. After the show some kids wanted our autographs. Jeroen and Filip couldn't resist the trip because they signed. Tss Tss Tss, weak ! Jeroen is not the only

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one who freaks out anymore. He's also not the only one from us with blood on his instrument. I didn't notice till after the show but i cut my middlefinger open and the blood made it look bad. Now that the blood is washed away you can hardly see it. We also had some inside jokes on Assuck yesterday. They're so stupid. Filip says the singer used to be a cop. It's very humorous when he says it.

Anyway, we're in the van now. For 9 hours or so. I perfumed myself this morning with JOOP, which i found in the appartement we slept in. Ed says i stink. He doesn't know anything. He says it's tested but i know it's not. Besides, he's not the one to give me shit on that.

The ACME drummer, Gregor, is with us in the van. He's putting Acme stickers everywhere !. He seems a nice kid. Saskia would say he's a cuty. She and the rest of Shortstight are in Spain now. I don't think it is snowing there. It is here ! Nathalie is pregnant. Her child should be born in 8 weeks, so it's not gonna be a christmas-baby. It's not going to be a Jesus. Besides, it seems that Jesus wasn't born in december anyway, but somewhere around march. The catholics have put 25 december on it as a date because the pagans had a feast then and the catholics couldn't extinguish their culture. Also the christmastree is an adaptation. Actually, what people used to celebrate was the 'coming of the light', which means that they celebrated the fact that the daytimes started to lengthen again. That's also the reason why people put candles in it. It's so typical for religions. Everything is wrong and bad and a sin, but you put the name God on it, thereby alienating it from it's natural spontaneous use, and suddenly it's ok and bonafide. They rape the original culture plus fake their own.

Later... We met Spirit Of Youth. We'll be playing 5 or 6 shows with them. Soy went on first, followed by a sexist languaged hip-hop band. During the last song of the SOY-set, something fucked up happened. This punk came on stage and grabbed Jan by his throat, smashed him against the floor and started beating him up. I immediately tried to pull this guy off my friend, but he held on so tight. So i started to kick him and beat on him, while he was still hitting Jan. Hans threw off his bass and he beat the guy up. He got thrown out and he sure didn't like that. I went outside and he came up to me saying that he really wanted to see NOF and that it wasn't fair that he got kicked out. "What ? Why did you attack the singer of SOY ?"

"That's punkrock man"

What a braindead moron. He didn't get in anymore. He tried to apologise holding a knife in his hand. Punkrock ? I don't think so. Anyways, this was a great club (Circus M). The place was totally packed. The capacity is normally 350 people. He had over 500 paying entries. He had to send people away because they just couldn't get in anymore. I only made a few mistakes and the ones i made was because i was jumping around. I'm having so much fun playing these shows. So is Jeroen and Filip. I don't know about Ed cos he's a bit sick at the moment. We played Dedication. I could even remember the little solo part. People sang along. Cool. It gives you energy. Undescribable. Some kids asked for autographs again and Filip couldn't resist it. There was also a kid who wanted my plectrum to take home.

"Can I have your plectrum please ?"

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